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Vermont Development Commission
Montpelier, Vermont

SPRING 1947



VERMONT *Life*

THE VERMONT STATE MAGAZINE

Published Quarterly by

VERMONT DEVELOPMENT
COMMISSION

ROBERT C. LANE, *Executive Director*
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

EARLE NEWTON, *Editor-in-Chief*
Editorial Associates

WALTER HARD VREST ORTON
ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

VOLUME I, NUMBER 3

25c per copy

One dollar per year

Application for entry as second class matter pending.
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Editor's Uneasy Chair . . .

WE are particularly delighted to welcome Arthur Peach to the advisory board of *Vermont Life*, beginning with the next issue. Professor of English at Norwich for many years, poet, writer, and defender of the faith (Vermont style), he has come to stand for Vermont to those who read about her both inside and outside her boundaries.

Over a thousand copies of the winter issue went without charge into the schools of the state, through its 55 superintendents. Since one of the principal purposes of the magazine is to provide colorful and factual material about the state and its opportunities to its own citizens—as well as to outsiders—this was deemed one of the most salutary uses for the magazine.

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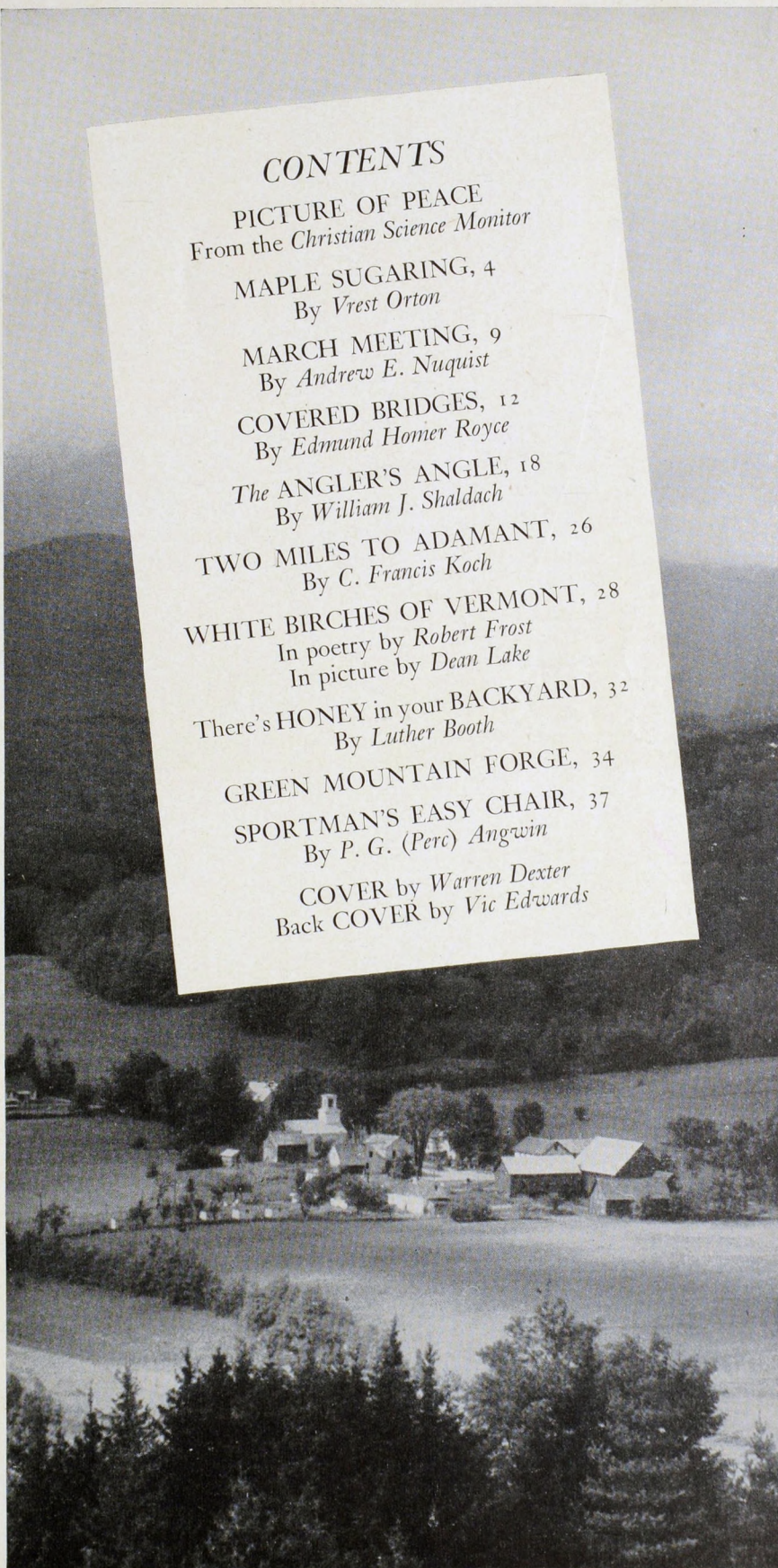
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Ewing Galloway

Picture of Peace

By WALTER W. CUNNINGHAM
Editor, Magazine Section,
Christian Science Monitor

THE WHOLE OF VERMONT, generally speaking, is peaceful. Its mountains have a calm assurance; its lakes a leveling sense; its roads a firm abiding certainty.

From a scenic point of view, Vermont is perhaps more international than most states in the Union. Meander around Lake Willoughby and you may have difficulty in realizing you are not in the Lake District in England. Scotland has its Highlands duplicated in a dozen places in Vermont.

Climb a rocky mountain road about three miles out of Stowe and you will

come on the Bernese Oberland, Swiss chalet and all. The Trapp Family Singers, whose success on the American concert stage has enabled them to settle on a 600-acre estate here, have seen to that. Or turn sharply into the hills near the village of Berlin, and you'll find scenery comparable to that of the Rockies in British Columbia, scaled down though it may be.

All the qualities of a world community are to be found in the Green Mountain State. When the Balkans rock and ugly rumors of war raise their ominous heads, Vermont plows its fields, harrows its land, and harvests its crops. Other parts of the globe may be going to wrack and ruin, but the farmer of Vermont has no time to worry about the details. Sufficient for him that he keep posted, and this he

This photograph of Pownal Center, Vt. was picked by the editor of the United Nations Bulletin to represent a "Picture of Peace." The selection roused many papers to comment, and the Christian Science Monitor featured it in a front page story, with the picture of Pownal Village on the opposite page. In the Sunday magazine section, its editor wrote the comments printed below.

does by radio, newspaper, magazine, and forum. . . .

Without reflecting upon the vigor, vision and enterprise of the cities and towns of the State, it is generally conceded that the farmer is the backbone of Vermont. It is upon him that big industrial states farther south rely for much of their milk. And given the grain, he will produce in quantity. He makes no pretense of competing with the prairie states for grain; sufficient for him that he tend his cattle, increase his herd. He has a philosophy the world needs.

Firm in conviction, not easily ruffled, he continues his confident way. If a truckload of hay is upset by a summer worker from New York, a mere stripling unused to rough country driving, does the farmer follow the common pattern, rush into a frenzy and torrent of abuse? No. He merely gives the hailing sign to his son: "Bring the tractor, Joe." And in less time than it takes to argue, he has the truck back on its four wheels again and on its way to the barn.

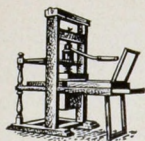
It is this quality which gives the Vermont farmer the strength of the hills. Simple in tastes, stable in character, with an independence that springs from the rights inalienable in man, honest and forthright in what he expects as well as gives, the Vermont farmer everywhere commands respect. He takes the visitor at his face value. Esteem he has, but not subservience. To him the Governor, another citizen, must prove himself if he is to be in the community.

Not the shaded serenity, nor the fertile highland setting surely drew so many college professors to Peacham, or so many artistic people to Stowe. The "atmosphere" is made up of something more than landscapes. . . .

Don't be lulled to sleep by the air of rustic languor—the velvet hills, the sky—blue waters of the lakes, the miles of fog lying soft in the silvergray valleys. These have their place. Behind them all, to those who have seen the State from the inside, there is a compelling force which has far more significant implications. Vermont could easily be the gateway to the new world.

END

GREEN MOUNTAIN POSTBOY



As The Press Sees Vermont

Peace: U. N. Finds It in New England

BY DONALD O. J. MESSENGER
Staff Writer, Christian Science Monitor

LOOKING AHEAD to the objective of a world securely at peace, the United Nations Weekly Bulletin pictures on the back cover of its current issue the little Vermont village of Pownal Center, labeling it "A Picture of Peace." Photographs in this position in earlier issues have looked backward at scenes connected with establishment of the United Nations.

When it was decided to picture a community symbolic of a peace under the U. N., the editor of the Bulletin, T. A.

Raman, looked over a number of scenes in rural communities over which a sense of both activity and calm security seemed to brood. He finally selected Pownal Center—though the village is not identified on the cover of the magazine.

It was a highly appropriate choice. Pownal Center's present interests, location and historical background all point toward wide interests and international associations.

Picturesque Setting

Right down in the southwest corner of Vermont, hobnobbing with New York State and Massachusetts, the picturesque little community with its venerable buildings and white church fronting a modern concrete highway, stands on a knoll in the peaceful Hoosic River Valley. The main road known to tourists driving between Williamstown, Mass.,

and Montreal, as U. S. 7, also bears the title of the Ethan Allen Highway, at this point.

Automobiles from all over the United States and Canada slow down slightly on the brow of the hill looking over the village, to enjoy its look of prosperous contentment.

There is a wideness, too, in Pownal Center's past contacts with the outside world. First settlers in 1724 were Dutch squatters, according to the records, although the first recognized settlement was started in 1762 and the town was organized the following year and named for Gov. Thomas Pownal of Massachusetts.

Many of the early townsmen moved from Rhode Island, imbued with the love of freedom in religion, speech, and action which filled the founders of that State.

Continued on Page 40

A. Devaney





Aldo Merusi

MAPLE SUGARING

HOW A VERMONT INSTITUTION LOOKS TODAY

BY VREST ORTON

BEFORE THE WAR, the words *Maple Sugaring* meant a business, a craft, a trade, or just spring work. But with the unholy alliance in 1945 and '46 of sugar and labor shortages, and the OPA, *Maple* became a fighting word and the conflict which raged around it roiled a number of good Vermont traditions. Aiding and abetting this alliance was, of course, Nature itself. For in those years, the usual and beneficent combination of freezing nights and thawing days around March—vitally necessary for the free flow of maple sap—just didn't happen. Or not enough to produce a normal maple crop. The season of 1945 produced probably less than one-third of average years and 1946 was tricky with days too warm and the nights not cold. Many Vermonters tapped out, got a little sap, got discouraged, took in the buckets and closed the sugar house for the season. A few

more patient souls hung on, and some days after the usual season a sort of "Indian summer" season began and sap ran for some days. It was "buddy," but it ran and syrup was made, even if dark in color and potent in flavor.

All this was upsetting enough, had it not been for the fact that the OPA in its infinite wisdom placed a price ceiling of something like \$3.39 a gallon on maple syrup, but no ceiling at all on maple candy and maple sugar!

In these two curious years there arose a strange set of conditions the like of which had never been seen in Vermont before. First, most of the syrup was, naturally, boiled down and made into sugar, something folks hadn't done for 50 years. People began fighting and employing all manner of shrewd manoeuvres to get maple syrup.

Yet maple syrup, which everyone and his wife wanted, was almost an unknown quantity. But not entirely, for into Vermont came a troupe of hardy entrepreneurs full of blandishments. By plying some of the farmer's pretty daughters with nylons (and at that time nylons were scarcer than maple syrup), these gentlemen managed to buy and lug out of the state, about all the maple syrup there was. In the summer of 1946, maple syrup was selling in New York City for \$3.75 a quart, and \$15 a gallon. (Before the war, the usual price was \$2.50 a gallon!)

The writer recounts the foregoing only because, of the tens of thousands of visitors to Vermont these last two years, about 99% have asked where the maple syrup was. It seems fair that an explanation be made, if only to disprove the suspicion that we Vermonters have been hoarding this precious spring nectar for some later and more profitable use. No such thing. We couldn't even buy any for our own table.

Yet, in the manner of a hopeful people, we are all looking to 1947 as a year of emancipation. We know the OPA has done its job and gone away, and we hope that Nature will be equally kind so that once more, as over the last 150 years, the sap will freely flow and Vermonters will turn out enough maple products to sell in the legitimate market, at reasonable prices.

Yet, when one speaks of price, it is well to establish a few facts about this golden liquid which so many folks want . . . especially when it is hard to get. I used to help my grandfather Orton, on his farm in Walden, do a little sugaring when I went up as a boy for Easter vacation. But that was fun. I never realized, until a few years ago just what hard work sugaring was. A lot of liquid has to be carried a long hard way to be boiled down over a lot of hard-to-chop wood to get the end product. When one realizes that 95% of the sap is water, and that it takes a barrel of sap to make one gallon of syrup, the real value of maple products begins to be impressive. But there is more to it than that.



Warren Dexter

When the steam begins to rise each Spring from hundreds of sugar houses all over Vermont, there's sap a'boiling inside.

Sap, like milk, is a warm-hearted host to bacteria and sap can not be left around the sugar house until the farmer gets good and ready to boil it down. Neither can it be left in buckets on the trees. A good tree will give up about 10 gallons of sap a season (and contrary to the city fellow who feared so, it doesn't hurt trees to take out some sap), and your sugar bush, as we call a defined group of maple trees, is scattered over hill and dale. Getting around fast, with a sled and team to draw the gathering tank, wallowing through deep snow to take down and empty hundreds of buckets of sap into the tank, hauling the tank to the sugar house, cutting cords and cords of wood before-hand to keep a brisk fire going under the evaporator pan all night, proves that sugaring

Sap gathered by oxen and sledge or by pipe lines, boiled down to syrup and spread on snow, makes a familiar delicacy.

is more than a process . . . it is fast, coordinated and unceasing labor until Nature, a fickle element, decides to give up no more sap that year.

This process, up to a few years ago, had been carried on in about the same manner as it was 150 years ago. The wooden buckets and tanks of course have changed to tin, and pipe line systems are beginning to be set up, though many argue they are more trouble than they are worth. And the big iron boiling kettles, barbecue style in pioneer days, have given way to the long shallow partitioned pans, called evaporators. But the general principle has remained static, until, a couple of years before the last war, an outlander, Colonel Fairfax Ayres, brought science to the sugar bush.



SUGAR ORCHARD, WEATHERSFIELD

John Lovely



NEWTON FARM, FELCHVILLE

Vic Edwards

Colonel Ayres, of a distinguished Virginia family of army officers since the French and Indian Wars, bought a farm in Shaftsbury, Vermont and began to apply his scientific mind to maple sugaring. Ayres found that because the average Vermonter did not have accurate instruments he was losing about \$165 a year . . . or to put it another way, giving away one gallon in every eight he made.

So Colonel Ayres invented what he calls the "Thermometer." As everyone knows, maple syrup must weigh 11 lbs. to the gallon. This is a Vermont law, made both by the legislature and nature. Like the natural consequence of the fermentation of grapes which produce 14% alcohol in wine, if maple sap is boiled down to the right point the syrup will weigh exactly 11 lbs. to the gallon. If it weighs more, it will crystalize and a lot of hard sugar will form on the bottom of the can and you can't get it out. If it weighs less, the syrup will ferment, and turn sour and you can't use it, unless you re-boil.

So, the Ayres measuring device did away with the rule of thumb and now enables the sugar-maker, by mixing the syrup in a container as it has come hot from the evaporator and by testing it with the Thermometer, to be absolutely sure, beyond peradventure, that his product weighs 11 lbs. to the gallon, no more, no less.

The best argument for this new-fangled contraption is that it can save the farmer money, and in Vermont, money talks. And yet, paradoxically enough, as hard-headed and pragmatic as we Vermonters are supposed to be, we let *real* money talk—that is, hard money . . . money on the drum-head—but we sometimes forget the important factor of economic money, or the principle of money as a medium of exchange.

Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the maple business. Comes Indian spring . . . March, early April . . . warm days and winter sun, and the enterprising Vermont farmer begins to stir toward the sugar bush. (I say enterprising because, before the last war, less than 50% of all the equipped sugar bush in Vermont were actually worked. And I don't mean 50% of the maple trees in the state . . . I mean actually equipped orchards.)

He has nothing else to do. So this is why he does not sit down, with pencil and paper, and figure out the costs of his team, taxes, wood, depreciation on equipment, his own labor, labor of his hired man, and interest on his investments. He forgets all this and goes to work sugaring. When he gets through—and I am talking of normal time—making from 100 to 300 gallons of marketable syrup, he finds that, with little if any letting go of actual hard money (cost of the tin cans to hold the syrup is probably all), he has raked in a few hundred real dollars. Yet, in bookkeeping money he is in the red. Counting the hidden costs he would probably find that the making of

maple syrup cost about \$15 a gallon, and he was selling it for about one-third that.

Yet, in Vermont, to reveal a secret spring of our enigmatical character, we don't think in terms of bookkeeping money. Life is lived too close to the fundamental realities to go off into a day dream of "hidden costs." If a man can get \$456 in the spring for two weeks of hard work (about 86 hours a week) that is \$456, and never mind what it costs!

Before the war, Vermonters tapped annually about five million maple trees and made about ten million gallons of syrup. No doubt, when labor is ready to do farm work again, (though I regret to report that a few short-sighted folks have cut off their maple trees for lumber at high prices) this pre-war production level will be reached once more. But, even then it is only the half way—maybe third way—mark toward what could be done.

There are more opportunities, I believe, in maple sugaring in Vermont, than in almost any other small industry, except possibly wood-working. With a fresh application of scientific principles to the reduction of that 95% water content of maple sap, with more efficient methods, perhaps on a community co-operative basis, of gathering and transporting the sap to the boiler, those hidden costs I mentioned may well be considered because they can be greatly reduced.

There is no question about the priceless value of those two words which go together so well . . . *Vermont maple*. Everyone, apparently, in the whole country, hankers for Vermont maple. As one of Vermont's favorite poets, John Godfrey Saxe, wrote,

*Men, women, maple sugar and horses;
The first are strong, the latter fleet;
The second and third exceedingly sweet,
And all are uncommonly hard to beat.*

At present when sugar orchards are less than half used, and trees probably one tenth used, there isn't anywhere near enough maple to go around.

To get enough to go around, to provide a part time income for many who want to live in the country, to challenge the technological minds of intelligent young men who yearn to live in Vermont—all this constitutes one of the many opportunities the Green Mountain state offers today.

Because (and this is going to be my sermon from now on, and I am going to express it every chance I can get), the best basis for the future development of Vermont is I believe just this: *if you like the kind of life that can be lived in Vermont then you can make a good living in Vermont.*

Maple sugaring in Vermont is, I am firmly convinced, an interesting, intriguing, romantic and challenging opportunity.

END



WARNING ANNUAL TOWN MEETING MARCH 5 1946

The inhabitants of the town of Awstenon and the School District who are legal voters in Town Meeting are hereby warned to meet at the place in said town on TUESDAY, MARCH 5 1946 at ten o'clock to transact the following business:

ARTICLE I To see if the Selectmen will be empowered to borrow money to meet the debts and current expenses of the town.

ARTICLE II To hear and act on reports of the Town officers.

ARTICLE III To see if the Town will vote the sum of \$500 for the support of the public health.

ARTICLE IV Shall the Town vote to have all advertising having an area of over ten square feet on property which is for sale, its rental use or for signs.

ARTICLE V To see if the Town will vote to exempt from taxation for the

MARCH MEETING

By ANDREW E. NUQUIST

UNOFFICIALLY, spring arrives in Vermont on the first Tuesday in March. There may be two feet of newly fallen snow on the ground; the calendar says that the vernal equinox is still three weeks away; and the first frost-bitten robin is shivering far to the south, but spring is really here. Town Meeting Day has arrived and with it the first event in the town's new year's business.

Like the sap which is beginning to stir in the roots of the trees in the "sugar bush" and which is soon to be boiled down, the time has arrived to tap and to "sugar off" the ideas that have been hibernating and developing sweetness in the heads of the citizens through the long winter months. The boiling down of ideas in Town Meeting is real democracy, or true self-government in action.

The "know how" of the town meeting as well as of "sugaring off" seems to come naturally to Vermonters, as well it does. Both are indigenous to the region; but both have their special Vermont flavor. A brief sketch of the background of Vermont town government may explain this.

The first colonists that settled in the Massachusetts Bay region found that some form of government was imperative if they were to survive. The freemen of the colony, which meant those who were church members and had certain amounts of property, became accustomed to meeting together at least once a week in the town meeting house to discuss and vote on matters of interest pertaining to the common welfare.

These stalwart fore-bears soon grew tired of meeting

so frequently and began to elect a small committee to do the work of the settlement during the longer and longer intervals between a real "town meeting." This committee evolved into the offices of selectmen, and the incumbents carried on the work of the community as decided by the votes in the general meeting, which later came to be a single annual one. Other officials were elected or appointed as need arose until a full complement to perform all the settlement's work came into being. Town government had come into its full position, and as the Bay colony expanded and as its settlers moved ever outward, they took this form of government with them.

Enough pioneers had moved from Massachusetts into New Hampshire for that area to be made a royal province in 1741. The first governor was Benning Wentworth, a man noted for the lavish hand with which he granted charters for new settlements. He granted the first charter for land in what is now Vermont on January 11, 1749. The new town was to be called Bennington, and was six miles square.

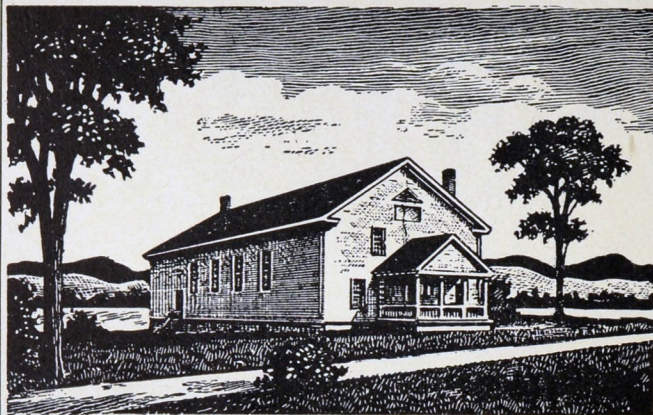
The Bennington charter contained, among other matters, the following statement: "... the first meeting for the choice of town officers agreeable to the laws of our said province shall be held on the last Wednesday of March next. . . ." Since New Hampshire had been a part of the Massachusetts Bay colony until it was granted its own government, the town officers mentioned are the same as those found in Massachusetts. The first slate of officers chosen in Bennington were the same. The continued use of this form of town government in Vermont thus had its origins in that system of government found in early Massachusetts. Present day town government in Vermont is still relatively the same as it was in its first beginnings.

Town government in Vermont is older than the state, for the first state constitution was drawn up at Windsor

At a Clarendon town meeting James Moran and James Eddy discuss urgent town business. This unusual twin portrait taken by Aldo Merusi, staff photographer for the Rutland Herald, won first prize in the feature division of the New England Associated Press Photo competition, in the class for cities of 25,000 population.

ANNUAL TOWN REPORT

February, 1941



CHARLOTTE VERMONT

in 1777. Although the towns are older than the constitution they are, nevertheless, strictly bound by it. The General Assembly of Vermont has the right to remake, destroy, or consolidate towns as it wishes. It could at any time change the form and functions of the towns. Since, however, the lower house is composed of one representative from each of the 246 towns and cities in the state, and since any such unification would eliminate one or more representatives, it is not likely that the lower house, at least, will do so.

Within the limits set above, Vermont towns have from colonial times insisted upon retaining full jurisdiction over their own affairs. When the qualified citizens assemble for their annual Town Meeting they have the full power of tradition to make town government work. They may make any regulations not inconsistent with the state constitution or which do not violate their rights and duties as prescribed by state law. They listen and discuss, and by their votes make decisions and choose officials to carry out their policies, and so act as the supreme legislative body of the town. This is pure democracy, since they are unable to delegate their voting responsibilities, and must be present in person.

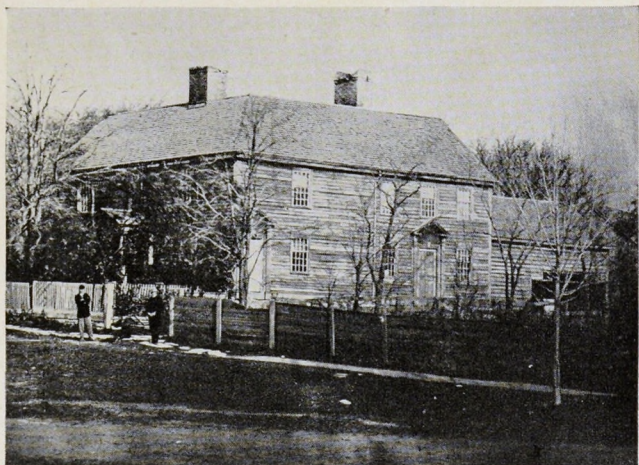
Not all inhabitants of the town, however, may vote at the Town Meeting. While Vermont's constitution was the first to grant its adult males freedom from all restriction upon voting, the philosophy of the state has always been that every person should bear his fair share of the costs of government. Since the costs of town affairs and the operation of governmental procedures is so intimate a matter in the local area it has been a part of the law that all who wish to vote on local matters must have paid their personal poll taxes. Some in every town are negligent, or refuse to pay, and unless exempted, are not granted the privilege of voting in Town Meeting. There are no such limitations for voting in state or national elections. These are open to all adults who can qualify as to residence and who have taken the Freeman's Oath.

The old adage says "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." Let him who would question the enduring worth of a Vermont Town Meeting visit it and see for himself. Many an early scoffer, with the passage of years, finds deep satisfaction in playing his part in town meeting.

As the townspeople assemble on a typical Town Meeting Day, the menfolk, dressed for winter weather, stand outside the town hall bantering one another with friendly joshing. When the hour of ten approaches they all go in, noisily stamping the snow off their boots and shoes in the entry. As a rule the heating system of the town hall alternately roasts and freezes the gathering. The room soon becomes steamy and many overshoes have come directly from the barn. There is a subdued hum of whispering and conversation. Little groups sit here and there intent on making the proper approach to get their man elected or their program voted in.

The first officer chosen by the citizens is a Moderator, who is to preside at all the town meetings throughout the year. He should be a man of tact and humor, and have the respect of his neighbors. It speaks well for both the town and the moderator when the latter officer is re-chosen annually for thirty and more years. Vermonters tend to keep a good thing when they once get it. If, perchance, old age has dimmed the spark, respect for past service and good humored toleration of present infirmities has too often kept a man in office when he should otherwise have been retired, the townsmen know what is wrong.

Once the meeting is safely underway the town chooses a clerk to record its affairs. Here again, long years of service are the rule, and re-election is almost automatic if reasonably good work is done. In one case today the town clerk has been re-elected 48 times. It often happens that the moderator, the clerk, and one or more of the selectmen are chosen in their youth and together turn gray in their years of service to the town. Those who so remain may become dictatorial and set in their ways,



Many of the state's earliest meetings were held in Bennington's Catamount Tavern.

but even the most critical will admit that they are usually fair in their dealings.

One by one the officers report to the Town Meeting on their stewardship, are quizzed, are attacked, or are commended, and their reports accepted or rejected. New men are given office or old ones are re-elected. The process is vigorous and full of action. Some fireworks may always be expected from one or two "die-hards" who are always critical. They usually refuse public office but know just what is wrong with those who will. These critics have gone over the auditors report ahead of the meeting as with a fine-tooth comb.

Or again, the town "queer one" who always gives an interminable discourse about his pet ideas which he wants adopted by the town gets to his feet and begins to talk. When either of these types sits down, the bored audience will proceed with the town's business just as if there had been no interruption. The outsider sitting in on the meeting cannot understand either the tolerance which permits the harangue, or the indifference with which it is treated. Vermonters respect a man's right to his own opinions and know that no one can be refused the right to speak without destroying the right for all the rest. Personal liberties are dear to independent townsmen.

The meeting then hears the presentation of proposals that have a real chance of adoption. Interested groups, individuals, and officers may all present proposals for needed change or suggest better ways of handling old problems. In such debate the real character of the gathering is shown.

Town Meeting begins at 10 in the morning; its work is not finished by noon. A recess must be taken so that food can be found to give strength for the afternoon session. Here is where some hard-working ladies organization enters the scene by selling food to raise the money they have pledged to a worthy cause. Having spent the

morning in a cold but slowly warming and finally steamy kitchen the ladies are ready for the hungry horde that finally files in at noon.

No outsider who has not sat down before the groaning tables with their rows of dishes filled with home-cooked foods, their plates of buns or biscuits, or who has not smelled the aroma of the steaming pots of coffee can understand the intense hunger that seizes the whole "sitting." Enormous quantities of food disappear and satisfaction comes. Then, if the hall is a small one, the first table is shoved out, plates are reset, the platters and bowls refilled, and the second table falls to with a will. When everyone is served the ladies sit around talking or help clear away. The men carefully pack their pipes or snip off the end of the special cigar. For a few minutes the room exudes tobacco smoke and contentment, flavored with the cries of running children who never seems to stop for a moment. The mood quickly passes and one by one the diners drift away to take their places in the town hall.

The afternoon's business has to be finished by four or thereabouts, so that the farmers can go home and milk the cows. Scheming villagers have been known to delay and interrupt the day's proceedings so that little had been accomplished by the time the farmers left. Once gone business was speeded up. In such a way are town squabbles born. Fortunately this occurs seldom and has little importance. Fair play is not lightly discarded.

Time was, when nearly every qualified voter took part in such a Town Meeting as has just been described. Of late years interest has seemingly declined. As other levels of government have taken over new functions and as the complexity of modern life has increased, people have

Continued on Page 39



E. H. Royce

The Town Hall at Georgia, recently restored, is one of the state's most beautiful structures. Like many another, it has served as a "meeting house" for both church-goers and voters.

COVERED BRIDGES OF VERMONT

Text and Pictures by
EDMUND HOMER ROYCE

ALTHOUGH no actual count was ever made, it is estimated that there were between six and seven hundred covered wooden bridges in Vermont previous to the great flood of November 1927. A check, made as soon as the waters had receded, showed only two hundred still standing, or moved from their abutments and still worth replacement and further use. As it has been possible to plot the locations of three hundred and ten bridges which existed prior to 1927, and as old photographs of one hundred and ninety-six of them have been located, it would appear that six hundred would be a conservative estimate.

Since the flood, the ravages of time and modern traffic have thinned the ranks of these grand old structures. According to the Vermont Department of Highways report of December 1946, there are now one hundred and sixty-nine covered bridges in the State. One hundred and fifty-eight of these are highway bridges, four are private ones and seven are railroad spans. Six highway structures crossing the Connecticut River are counted as one-half each, as they are jointly operated and maintained by Vermont and New Hampshire. The high counties are Washington with twenty highway, one railroad and two private bridges and Lamoille with nineteen highway, four railroad and one private one. Windham with twenty highway structures places third. Montgomery in Franklin County proudly heads the town list with eight well maintained bridges. Lyndon, Cambridge, Rockingham and Weathersfield have six





PERKINSVILLE BRIDGE (NOW REPLACED)

John Lovely

each and Thetford, Tunbridge and Northfield five each.

Since the published report of last July the old Wolcott bridge across the Lamoille river has suffered a partial collapse and has been closed to traffic.

Vermont has more covered bridges than all the other New England States together and according to a poll of 1946 ranks fifth among the States of the Nation.

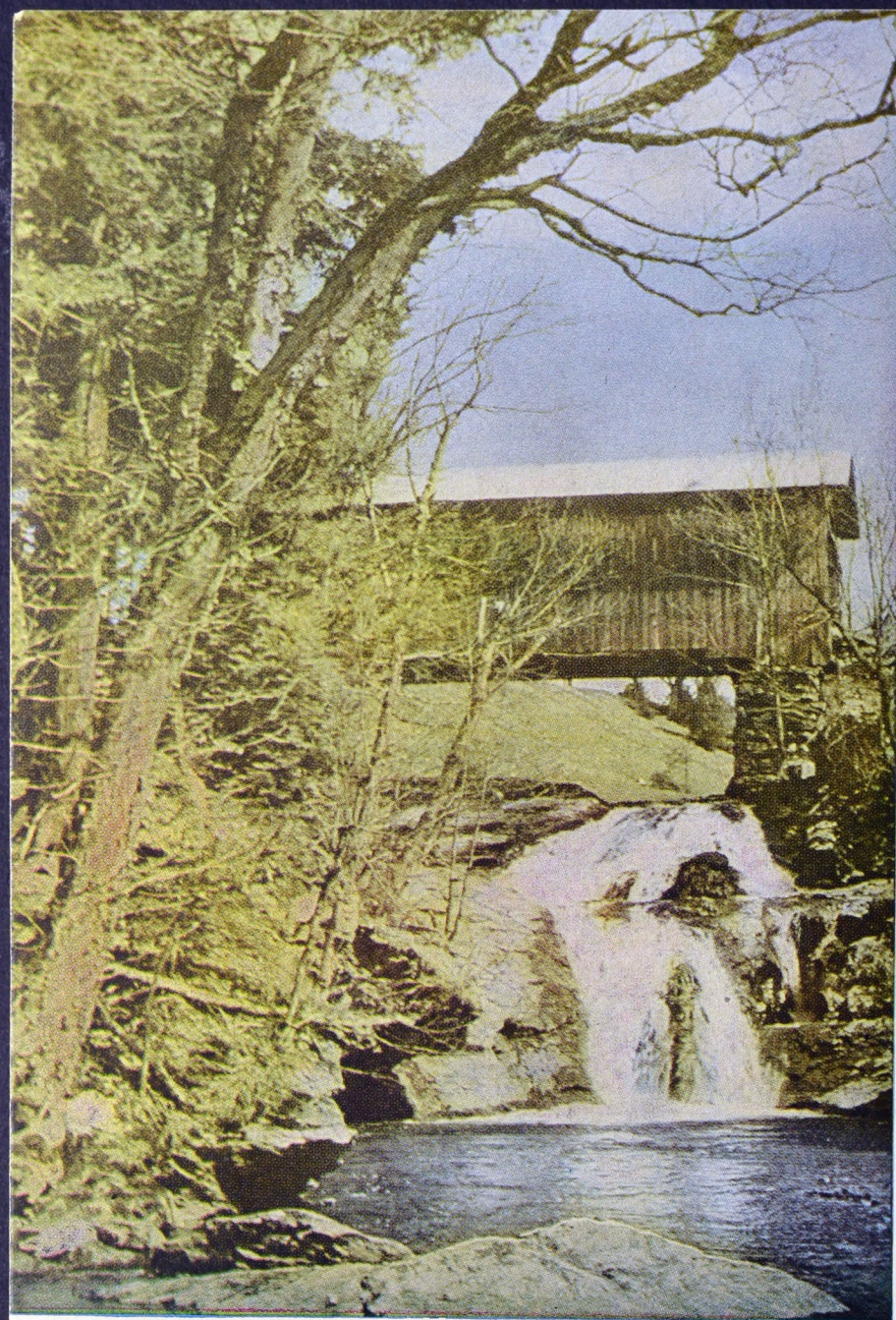
The majority of our covered bridges were built between 1850 and 1880 and it is an everlasting credit to the honest craftsmanship of such fine old workmen as N. M. Powers, D. C. Powers, Sanford Granger, Abraham Owen, Harrison and Chamberlin, Nathan Cushing, Sheldon and Savannah Jewett, James F. Tasker and others that they have so well withstood the years of increasing and heavier traffic and the battling of the elements. About a

dozen were built in the 1830's and 40's and are still carrying their daily burdens.

The oldest covered bridge in Vermont is the twin-lane structure known as the Pulpmill bridge which crosses Otter Creek between Middlebury and Weybridge. It was built sometime between 1808 and 1820. The only other double-lane bridge left in the State is the long one at Cambridge across the Lamoille River, which was constructed about 1845. The youngest member of our family is the Moseley bridge over Rocky brook which went up in 1899. Eight of the remaining bridges have an added sidewalk on one side for pedestrians; obviously an afterthought. Only one bridge is left in the near vicinity of Lake Champlain, this is the little lake shore one spanning Pringle brook in Charlotte. Being only about a hundred feet above sea level it is also the lowest

as well as one of the shortest, although the town fathers of Springfield claim the later distinction for their little North Springfield veteran of 1870 which has a forty-five foot span. At the other extreme is another small bridge at Morgan which is fourteen hundred and fifty feet above the ocean and therefore stands at the highest altitude. The longest specimen is the big Windsor-Cornish bridge crossing the Connecticut River, four hundred and sixty-eight feet in length. It was until quite recently the last toll bridge we had. In the olden days many required toll payments and a goodly number were financed by lotteries. Our highest structure above it's spanned stream is the dizzy Halpin bridge across Muddy branch in Middlebury. Now on a little used road it once served a marble mill.

Constructional details appeal only to the dyed-in-the-wool covered



E. H. Royce

In addition to hundreds of black and white pictures of all the bridges in the state, Edmund Homer Royce has taken a good many in full color, like the Bridge over West Hill Brook, at Montgomery (above). This appears as the frontispiece of a new edition of Herbert Wheaton Congdon's The Covered Bridge, illustrated by Mr. Royce (New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 151 pp., \$3.75). This is the definitive work on these old American landmarks as seen in Vermont.

bridge fan but a few things are of general interest. In the earliest bridges big wooden pins called treenails connected the parts. Eight inches long, nearly two inches in diameter, they may be seen in pairs in the lattice truss crossings, along the floor base timbers and the high side stringers in the bridge interiors. Later construction incorporated iron bracing bolts and spikes.

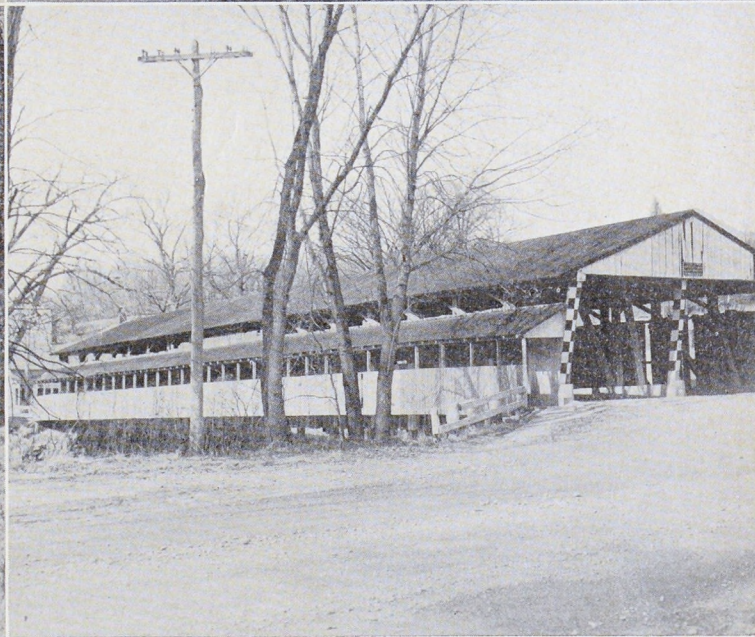
Richard Sanders Allen, a national authority on covered wooden bridges

and founder of a quarterly publication devoted to the interests of the country's many covered bridge lovers, estimates that there are fifteen types of bridge trusses to be found in Vermont with three auxiliary additions in a few instances. The Town Lattice leads with seventy-seven examples, followed by two types of simple truss used in thirty-four structures. There are seventeen bridges with Kingpost arches and fifteen with the Burr-Kingpost arch type.

A rugged interior is that of the old Henry bridge spanning the Walloomsac River in Bennington. Built about 1832 and of the familiar lattice truss design, it was later found not to have sufficient strength for the heavy loads of iron, at that time mined in the locality. It was therefore strengthened by building a second set of lattice trusses which still give it tremendous sturdiness. It is interesting to note that this bridge stands where, in 1771, brave Vermont farmers stopped the New Yorkers who were endeavoring to seize their lands.

Originally covered bridges had shingled roofs but today shingles are in the minority. As roofs have been replaced in recent years, metal has taken the place of wood and it's silvery color forms a contrast to the weather-aged patina of brown and grey sidings and ends, for nearly all of the bridges are unpainted. A few, notably at Northfield, Sunderland and Bennington have been given a red coat and a few others sport red or white ends. The village of Cambridge has added an effect to some of its structures with a black and white checkerboard design on the entrances, undoubtedly for better night visibility.

With the possible exception of the twin bridges over East Creek in Middlebury and the other pair across the Clyde river at East Charleston, there are no absolutely identical bridges in Vermont. True, similarity

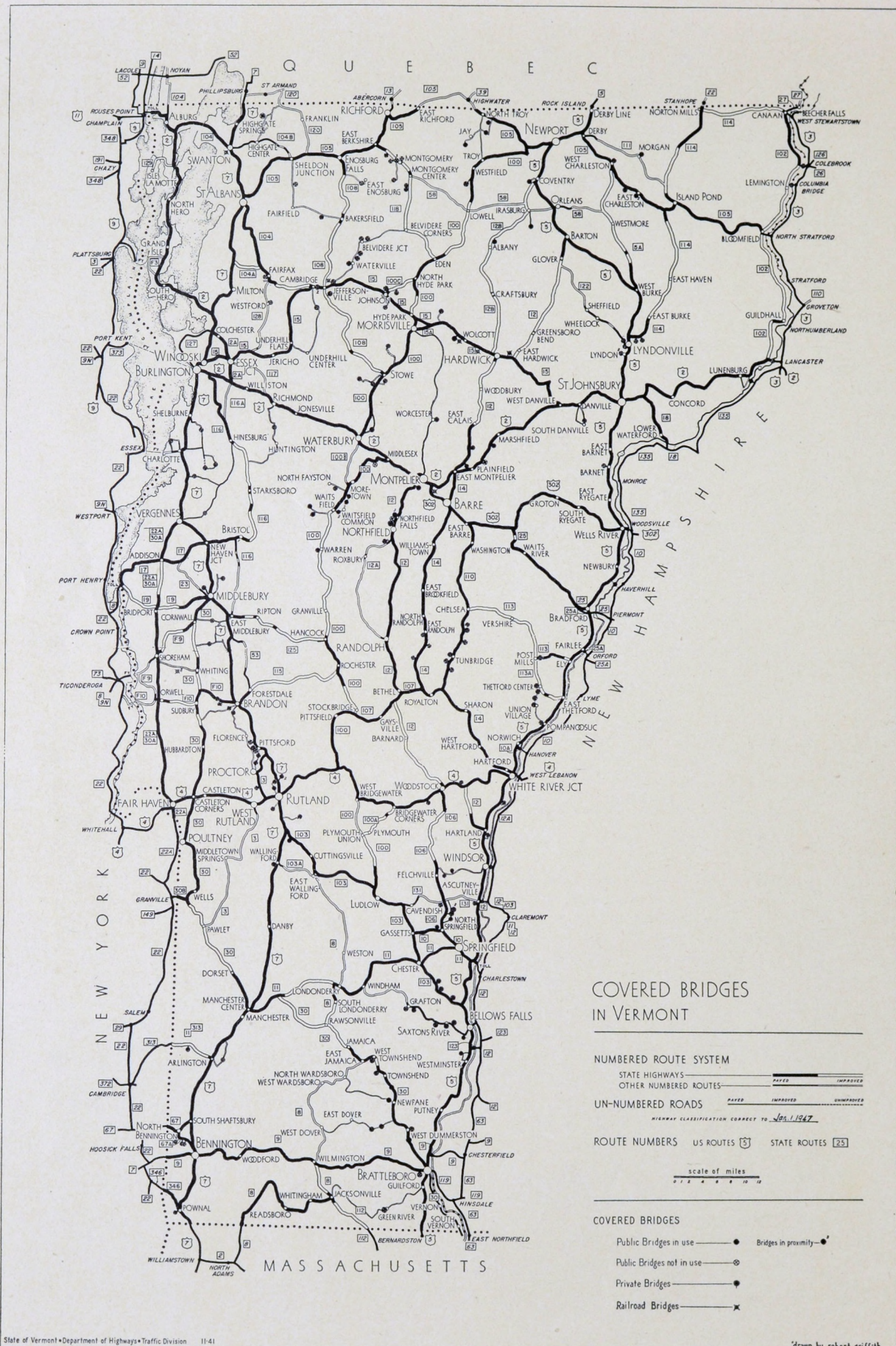


Above: Warning signs on the outside drew first attention on important bridges, but the interiors also were covered with circus posters, patent medicine advertisements and a great variety of public notices. Below: The only other double lane structure, crossing the Lamoille River at Cambridge, boasts a covered sidewalk.

the old time builders worked in other towns or had excellent imitators. An unusual novelty is the Cooley bridge crossing Furnace brook in Pittsford. Nicholas Powers, who built it in 1849, gave it the same deeply pitched-in portals which are found in the big Otter Creek bridges, but the effect is humorous in this much shorter job. Quite different in design are Power's bridges over East Creek in Rutland.

The covered bridge has witnessed

tragedy, but much more it has seen romance. It provided a secluded trysting place in the good old horse and buggy days and possibly it serves the same purpose in these modern motor times. Many a speckled trout has been snared by a barefoot boy from its friendly shelter, and to those who remember, there are fond recollections of clumping horses' hoofs and the slow clatter of old fashioned cart and carriage wheels on it's sturdy floor planks. Surely no modern



structure can duplicate its homely, friendly charm.

In the gay nineties covered bridges offered excellent opportunities for free publicity, and even today you will find old patent medicine, tobacco, grocery and other advertisements and the remains of ancient circus posters decorating interiors and weatherboarded wall spaces just inside the entrances, while interior cross timbers still carry the business notices of local merchants. Also conspicuous above entrance portals or on the sides of them are—"Horses at a walk" signs and warnings that there will be a—"2 dollars fine for crossing this bridge faster than a walk." The coming of the automobile produced the familiar metal sign,—"Speed limit, horses at a walk, motor vehicles 10 miles per hour."

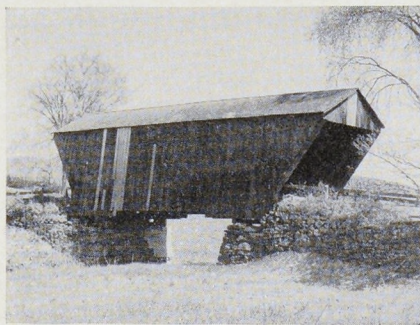
Perhaps the most frequently asked question is: "Why were these bridges covered?" The real answer is: to protect the trusses and framework, the expensive parts of the unit, from the weather and to give added strength. Covering also provided shelter for man and beast during a sudden shower and kept out snow



Taft Brook, Westfield

drifts. Another question the writer has faced is: "What is the prettiest bridge?" Well, the word "pretty" hardly fits these aged monarchs, but possibly the nearest candidate for such an honor is the charming little bridge with unique thatched roof and lattice sides which spans Taft Brook in the tiny village of Westfield. And such ones as the Fuller bridge

over Black Falls Brook in Montgomery, the Upper Black River and Lords Creek bridges in Irasburg, the lower Missisquoi one at North Troy, the Schoolhouse bridge in Lyndon, the century old Lewis bridge crossing Cobb brook in Westminster, and the Post Mills bridge over the Ompompanoosuc at Thetford have pleasing and satisfactory lines. And some of them are in beautiful natural settings. Also many of the larger structures as



Cooley Bridge, over Furnace Brook, Pittsford

found at Weathersfield, Norwich, Rockingham and Chiselsville are pleasant to look upon.

As for other scenic locations there are dozens of them, but much to be recommended are the West Hill bridge over West Hill brook in a colorful Montgomery setting, the Levis bridge crossing the same stream as one comes into the village, the Hectorville bridge over the South Branch of Montgomery's Trout River, the Safford bridge crossing tumbling Seymour River in the Pleasant Valley section of Cambridge with Mount Mansfield in the background, the tiny Jay bridge over Jay Branch Brook, the Stowe Hollow bridge on Gold Brook in the town of Stowe, the Garfield bridge high up on Green River in North Hyde Park, the Lewis Creek bridges in Charlotte, the structures in the lovely old town of Newfane, the Mill Brook bridges on Mill Brook in Windsor, the West Arlington bridge on the Battenkill River, the Green River bridge in the far south village of Guilford, the Guildhill-Lancaster bridge across

the Connecticut River and the Mount Orne bridge over the same broad stream between Lunenburg and Lancaster. The later was built in 1912 but is a joint Vermont-New Hampshire proposition.

To the admirer of these romantic and interesting structures, Vermont offers the ideal hunting ground. Here you will find bridges across wild, tumbling mountain brooks, broad rivers and placid streams in surroundings of gorgeous Green Mountain peaks, charming country villages, lush green meadows and characteristic farms. True, you will have to leave the main travelled cement highways where they no longer stand but good gravel roads lead to all, and with the exception of the private bridge in Highgate over Rock River and the diminutive private covered foot bridge spanning Dog River at Northfield Falls you may drive your car to and through all of them with ease and safety. The recently published Vermont Covered Bridge Map, issued by the State Highway Department at Montpelier, plots the approximate location of every remaining bridge and one will have



Interior, Taftsville Bridge over the Ottaquechee River.

little trouble finding them today. This I know as I have photographed all of them, including some now replaced by steel and concrete.

As to the future of the covered bridges, Highway Commissioner Sargent says: "Only nine covered bridges remain on the State Highway

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The Angler's Angle

By WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH

FANCIFUL as the idea may seem, there are two days in the Vermont year when the normal processes of business reach a state of near-collapse. Neither of them is a legal holiday, nor is there any logical reason why garages and small enterprises should close entirely and larger establishments limp along with skeleton crews. No reason, that is, unless one happens to be a deer hunter or trout fishermen; then no explanation is necessary. For Opening Day, that long-anticipated moment when "the law is off," far exceeds in importance any business that the true disciple can think of.

To a greater degree than in many parts of the United States, people who reside in the Green Mountain State are devoted to their lovely countryside. Its forests and pastoral land, its lakes and rivers, hills and mountains, the invigorating quality of the climate combine to instill an appreciation of the natural joys of living. In this calm and philosophical atmosphere one feels no need for artificial entertainment to escape boredom. That is one good reason, I am convinced, why so many Vermonters are enthusiastic anglers.

From Junior, who has just passed seven, to Gran'paw, who easily may be eighty-seven, fishermen from all walks of life may be found on any promising body of water or smallest trickle of brook from May first until the first sharp frosts of autumn.

Though Vermont may not hold her own in the number of lakes, as compared with some other northern states, what she has are exceedingly

choice. Memories of days spent on Champlain when big yellow perch, northern pike and small-mouth bass were hitting well are among my favorite pipe reveries. If you like fast sport with a fly rod you could do much worse than to try the big lake at, say, Sandbar Bridge in May when the walleyes are feeding on the surface. A feather minnow, streamer or spinner-and-fly combination fished just under the surface will really surprise the life out of you, if you've never tried it before. It has led anglers who thought they had seen everything to say something like: "Why bless me, why hasn't someone told me about this before?"

Bomoseen has a reputation for really big large-mouth bass, and bait-casting or "bugging" with a stout fly rod frequently produces fish up to five pounds or more. There are lake trout there, too, usually taken by deep trolling in the late season. Seymour has lakers, but the big attraction there is the land-locked salmon. He's a temperamental fellow and a valiant fighter; especially when taken with fly rod just off a sandbar when the water is still cold in the spring.

One of the best spots for landlocks is the famed Averill Lakes district in the northern part of the state. There, wilderness conditions prevail and the country is similar to Maine, where *Salmo sebago* originated. The rare *aureolis* or golden trout occur, also, at Averill. The land-locked salmon is the prize fish at Memphremagog, that long body of water whose lower third lies within our

state, but while on a trip to Newport some years ago I learned from a resident that squaretails up to four pounds are not uncommon.

From this brief resume alone it may be seen that the aristocrats of fresh water—the land-locked salmon, black bass and larger-than-average trout—are here for those who take their sport seriously and are willing to spend both time and money in its pursuit. But I like to think of the many humbler waters and lesser fish throughout the state which yield vast pleasure and health-giving recreation to resident and visitor alike. One need not be an "expert," nor possess particular skill or fine tackle, to savor the zest of a day on some charming pond or little lake of which there are many scattered

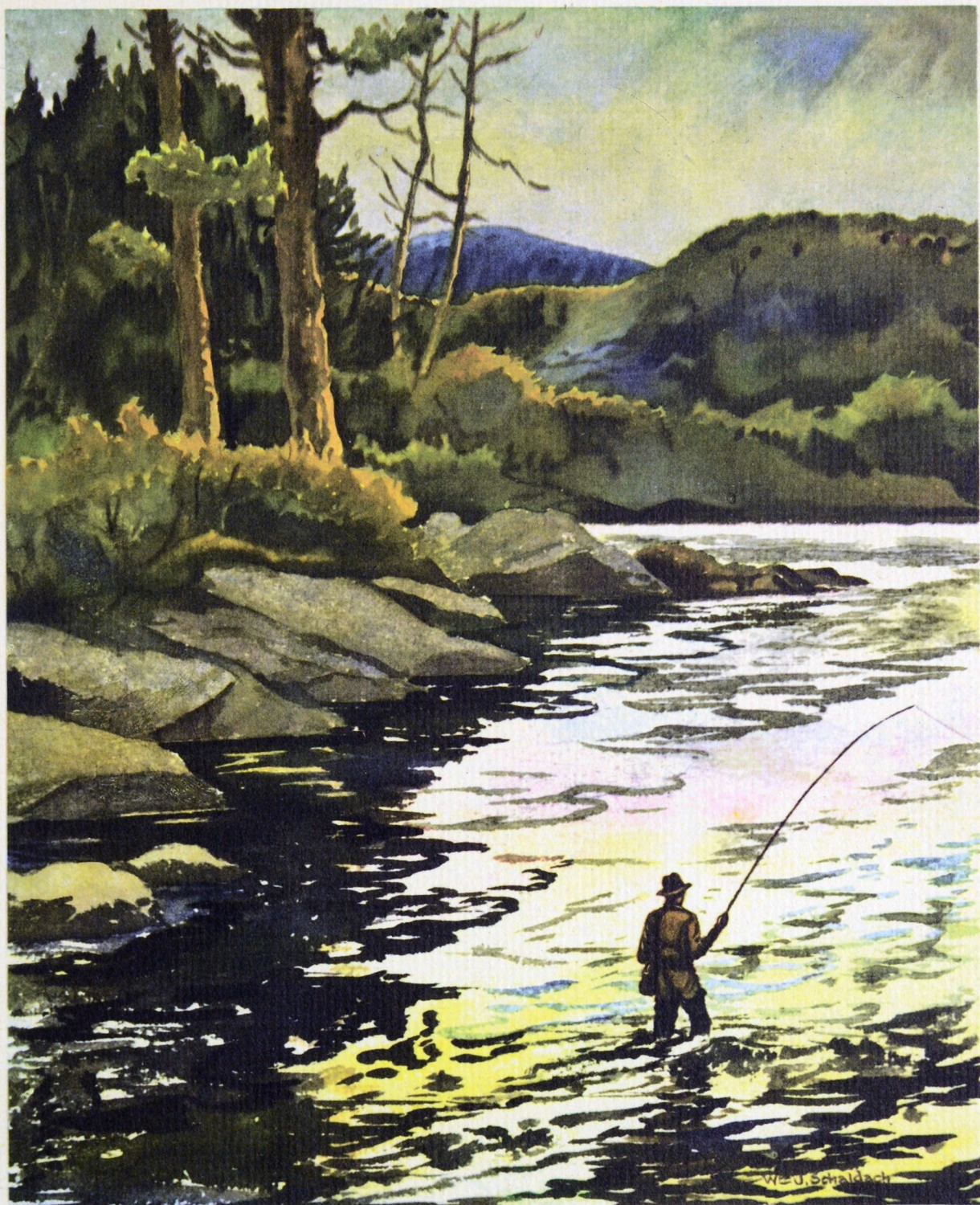
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Angler's Artist

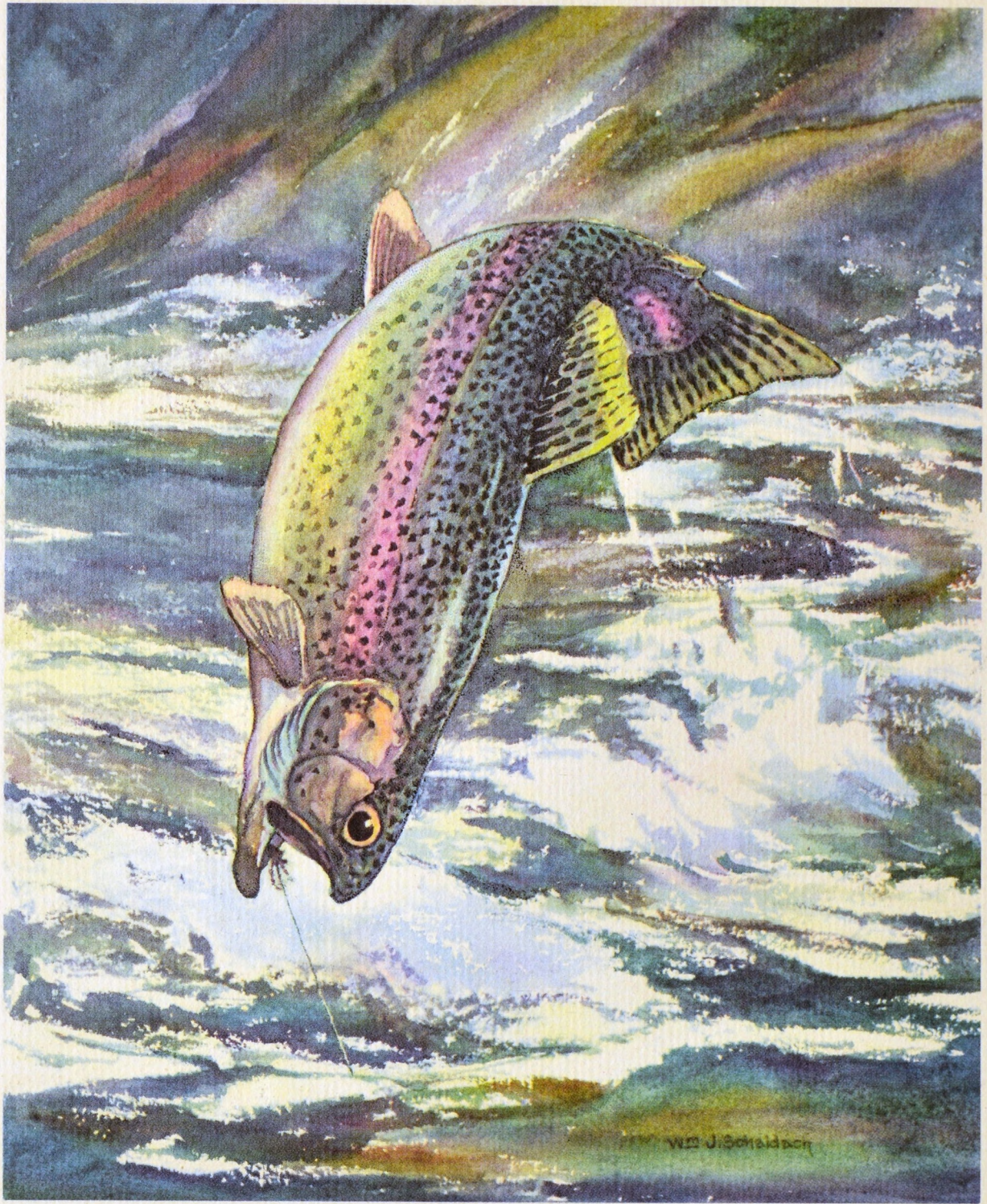
Bill Schaldach, of West Hartford, Vermont, is preeminently the sportsman's illustrator. He is as well known for his superb etchings, pen drawings and watercolors of sporting scenes as he is for his widely published essays on the delights of rod and gun. It is a rare privilege to be able to reproduce four of the best liked of his works in color, as well as several of his etchings and pen drawings. These color plates may be found in his *CURRENTS AND EDDIES*, (New York, A. S. Barnes, 138 pp., \$5.00).

The accompanying article is the first of two. The second, on hunting, also in color, will appear in the Fall issue.





Fishing the Evening Hatch



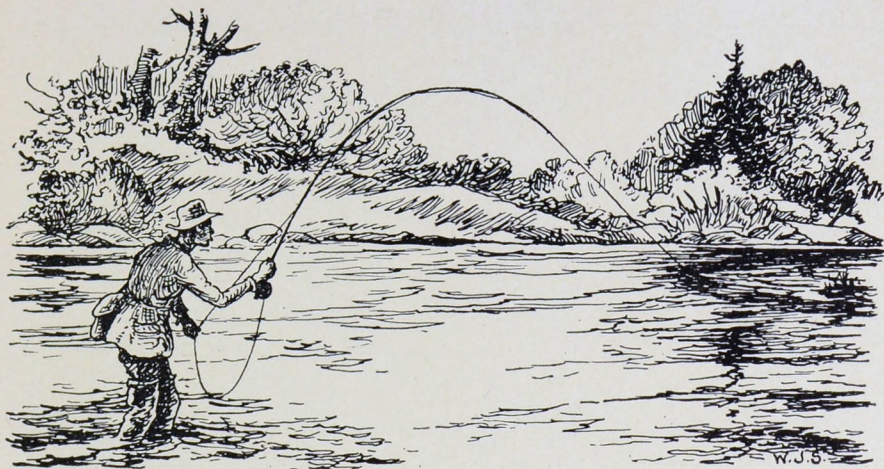
Rainbow in the Rips



Brownie Somersaulting



Northern Squaretail Fighting



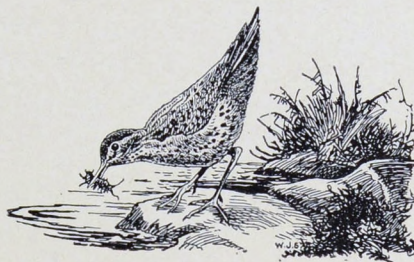
throughout the state. There, with simple tackle, he may meet and vanquish that snaky, green fighter the pickerel; or capture a fine bass; or even find great fun in taking a catch of bright-colored sunnies, rock bass and homely but toothsome horned pout. Oftentimes the best things come in small packages.

Lakes and ponds are generously scattered throughout the state, but the glory of Vermont is her running water. The phenomenon of a brook gurgling through every meadow and pasture is the never-ending wonder and delight of visitors. Crystal-clear, cold and musical, the small brook is a vital, living thing. It not only delights the eye and ear, but supports that finest of all fresh-water fishes, the trout. Even a very modest stream, no wider than a man's leap, may contain fish large enough to be well worth the catching; especially if one's fancy dwells on a frying pan containing strips of bacon sizzling from the heat of a wood fire.

But the cream of the sport is to be had on rivers such as Otter Creek, the Battenkill and the upper White. There, equipped with boots or waders, fly rod and reel, a good assortment of lures and some skill an angler may have many good days throughout the season.

Perhaps he will be so fortunate as to strike conditions just right, with a hatch of flies making up and

the trout dimpling the surface. A dry fly is in order and the right pattern, gently dropped over a rise, may yield a native or rainbow a foot long. It's a good start; the fish are taking and a careful work-out of



promising pools and pockets should produce a good catch.

Or it may be one of those gray, soft days with a gentle, warm wind coming out of the southwest—weather which tradition says is just right for fishing. Try a streamer or cast of wet flies, drifted at the edge of the boiling water next to an eddy. That is where the big fellows lie in waiting, ready to pounce upon food moving down with the current. Many a rainbow or brownie big and saucy enough to know better has fallen for a squirrel-hair streamer, Grey Ghost or Mickey Finn. These big fellows want *meat*; they can't be bothered with dainty little flies.

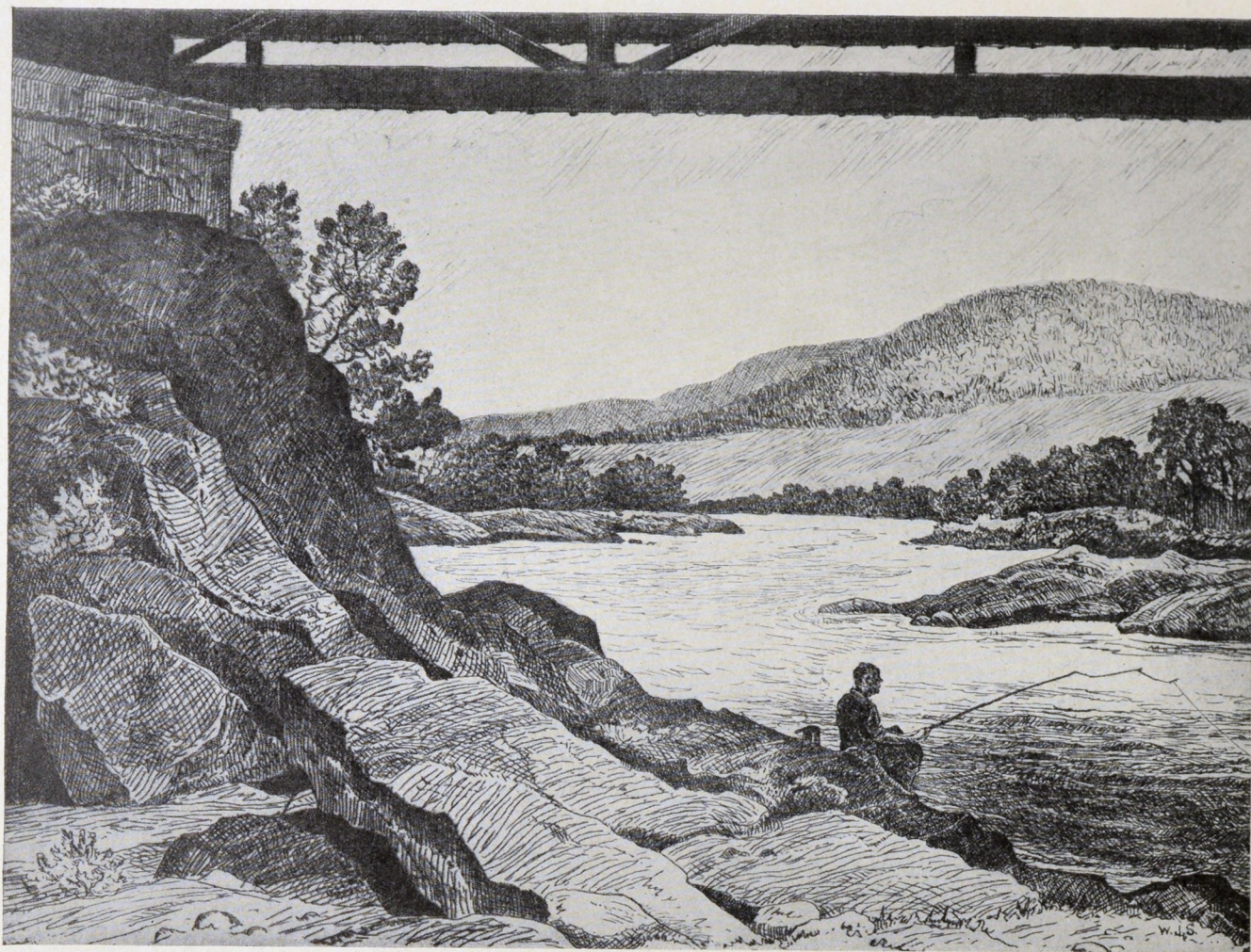
River fishing undeniably has its thrills, but to enjoy the true bounty of the big stream an angler must possess great patience and plenty of

time. For rivers everywhere are temperamental and moody. I have found this to be true on the Pine and White in Michigan, the Beaverkill and Willowemoc in New York State, even the famed squaretail and salmon rivers of Nova Scotia. Vermont is no exception.

For steady, pleasurable fishing let me recommend the large brook; the stream that has definitely graduated from the feeder stage, but has not yet reached river proportions. Such a watercourse may narrow down to eight feet in width or spread out in places to thirty. Parts of it may flow through meadow or pasture land, but even there it is apt to be fringed with alders or willows. Most of the stream will take its course through forest land. Often there will be wonderful waterfalls and long slides of froth and rips boiling over ledge rock. Underneath these, deep and dark pools occur, holding, you suspect, fine trout. They usually do. Also, they are the very devil to fish.

For that matter, so is the whole stream—until you develop a certain technique. Here are things to remember: Clear-water trout—and most Vermont streams are crystal-clear—are shy trout. They can see a long way and will take cover at the slightest movement or shadow of an approaching fisherman. The wise





THE BRIDGE POOL, WHITE RIVER, WEST HARTFORD (Etching)

angler moves slowly, frequently bending low to keep out of sight. He slides his booted feet along the bottom and avoids splashing. In his movements he imitates the mink, one of our best fishermen. Above all, he fishes *upstream*—whether he uses bait, wet or dry fly. Because he is then below his fish, whose backward vision is extremely limited. Having mastered this, the angler's next concern is his cast.

If there is anything more maddening than having one's terminal tackle hung up in the unreachable branches of a tree or bush I have yet to discover it. Most of this hazard can be avoided by a careful study of the terrain before making the backcast. Be sure there is room enough before you whip out line. Often a backhand

or horizontal cast will solve the problem.

One other tactic, which is often overlooked, proves invaluable on the small stream. When you fish a likely pool, start at the lower end and work up by degrees, covering every foot of water progressively as you cast. When you hook a trout, force him a bit if necessary, but lead him away from the unfished water as quietly and quickly as possible. For there are other fish above which may be caught if not alarmed.

A perfect example of this occurred last June on a stream near our place which I frequently fish. A very good friend—I'll call him Pratt—came up from the city to visit for a couple of days. He is an enthusiastic trout

fisherman and wanted to try the stream. He had no tackle, so I rigged a pet fly rod, attaching one of my favorite patterns, a Pink Lady bi-visible, to the tapered leader.

He fished a number of pockets and small pools without results, then I took him to a long and well-shaded pool which I knew contained a number of good fish. It was a tough one to fish because of overhanging branches. He waded cautiously toward the pool and dropped the fly at the tail end. There was a rise instantly and Pratt set the hook. Leading the fish away from the untouched water he landed it without disturbing things. It was a fat eight-inch rainbow.

The next cast, a couple of yards farther upstream netted a ten-inch



MILLBROOK, POMFRET (watercolor)

fish. This was getting better, but there was more to come. Pratt's technique had been excellent and the fish above had not been put down.

A little above the center of the pool—which is at least fifty feet long—a third trout hit the Pink Lady, was hooked, played and landed below. It was a good nine incher.

Pride now became apparent in the angler's attitude. Pride and determination. His eyes gleamed as he dried the fly with false casts in the air and cautiously waded toward the upper end of the pool. There a fast run spilled white water into the head of the basin.

"There's a big one lying just below that rock and I'm going to take him." He hollered this up at me from the stream bed.

If he does, I thought, I'll never hear the end of this. He won't be livable with, on account of his bragging, for the next six months. I must think up something just in case he succeeds.

He did!

The fly sailed neatly through the air, landed six inches below the

rock and was promptly engulfed. A shining sleek form leaped two feet in the air and the fight was on.



SPRING NOTE. This drypoint illustrates the etcher's unusual ability to catch action—in this case a trout rising to the fly. This print was exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition.

Cautiously playing the fish to the foot of the pool, Pratt landed it. It was better than twelve inches long, the biggest fish of the four.

"There," he said, "I come up from New York and show you how to take fish right out of your own stream. I'll bet you never caught four trout out of that pool!"

Well, I had to say something in self defense because, come to think of it, I never had. Maybe it was mean, but I came back with:

"Hm-m-m. State-stocked trout and very dumb. They were just put in yesterday. They practically committed suicide."

It is winter as this is being written and snow lies deep over the hills. The brook is ice-locked and the trout season won't open for another four months. But I'm thinking of that pool and wondering if I can catch four trout out of it.

I'm making a note right now to try it, come June. END

TWO MILES TO ADAMANT

IT IS NOT that men should desert the cities of their birth and expect to recover, in the unspoiled land, the vision and long horizons of their youth. Each to his way and the way that is peace for him.

But for those who are reaping the whirlwind of four years of spiritual and physical uncertainty, there is a place where the changeless absorbs that which changes, and the permanent and predictable ways of the ancient earth are a solid basis upon which a man may attempt to rebuild his temples . . .



I have followed afoot, twice daily, these past five months, two miles of country road between two improbable places in Vermont. And everywhere along that road the signs without signboards say: "Have faith, comparable to the faith that is manifest in the earth."



It was, at first, a winter road: bleak, anonymous, unfamiliar, and unfriendly. Then certain groupings of boulders, fence lines, and trees, became scenes apart . . . to be looked for daily. And the moods of weather, land, and lake, told in the lights and colours, fogs and shadows, became my moods . . . easy to fall into, and to love.

Now, I have seen the pussy-willows, white, while the first thaw roars in the hills;

then, later, grey against the whitest snow of youthful April, until one wondered why ever it was thought they were white.

And I have seen the lichens bear the crystal drops of morning, Felt the hush of late and momentary snow, lambs wool, from all these twisted elms new shorn.

Often I have climbed this hill and viewed the quiet valley, still, in the silence that is prayer, and more than once the mist has risen and hushed the air above the lake, through which, all shades of grey, the tree-tops merged in the almost-blue of sky, . . . a dream . . . a Chinese painting, half suggestion, half remembrance.

There is a fence-line by a maple tree that wanders off and o'er a rise and bears the crested snow, like hooded Benedictines in processional to prayer.

Merrienne Moore it was who said: "Satisfaction is a lowly thing, how wonderful is joy!"

And when they press upon me why I choose two miles of country road to the glitter of Philadelphia, or New York, or San Francisco streets,

I answer so . . .

In such places, there's a lifetime of satisfaction.

But *here* is joy, and the knowing that Spring comes on forever . . .

VERMONT TO ME



ROCKELM

Earle Newton

Two miles from Adamant there is a giant elm silhouetted against the blue of late winter sky. Perched stoutly on a rock ledge, it is the survivor of a pair. The farm by which it stands came to be known as "Rockelm" therefrom.

From it a country road winds down the hill to Adamant, once thriving quarry village, on the south line of the town of Calais. In the spring of 1946 the total permanent population was said to be four, and the only business was the Cooperative General Store. If you had pushed back the worn screen door, you would have found an amazing stock of goods, and presiding over them a youth with an engaging, wistful grin.

Captain Francis Koch, United States Marine Corps Reserve, had spent nearly five previous years of his life in even more isolated spots—in the hell that was the South Pacific from 1942 through

More than anything else in the world he wanted real peace, and he didn't figure he'd find it among city streets.

An advertisement in the Publicity Service's annual booklet "Farms and Summer Homes for Sale" caught her eye: "Century old colonial, newly restored . . .," it said, "three acres and a mammoth elm. . . ." A quick trip, and love at first sight; then photos to Bud and an excited description. The answer came back: OK, get it; he'd not be free for an inspection trip for a while yet, and it surely sounded like just what he had in mind.

Months later a tired soldier returned, and in the middle of winter they moved in. It wasn't easy, you can bet. There was a time in which to get settled, but soon there had to be a regular income. Bud had been heading for a teaching position on some college English faculty, but

there was no university around the corner. There was, though, an opening in the store at Adamant, and he took it.

And that's about the story. Winter into spring, and spring into summer, he had plenty of time to think, trudging two miles to Adamant. It wasn't hard, later, to put it down on paper—what he'd thought those many months.





COLCHESTER

L. B. Puffer

The WHITE BIRCHES of VERMONT ❧

IN POETRY by ROBERT FROST
IN PICTURES by DEAN LAKE

Birches

By ROBERT FROST

WHEN I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker
trees,

I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal
shells

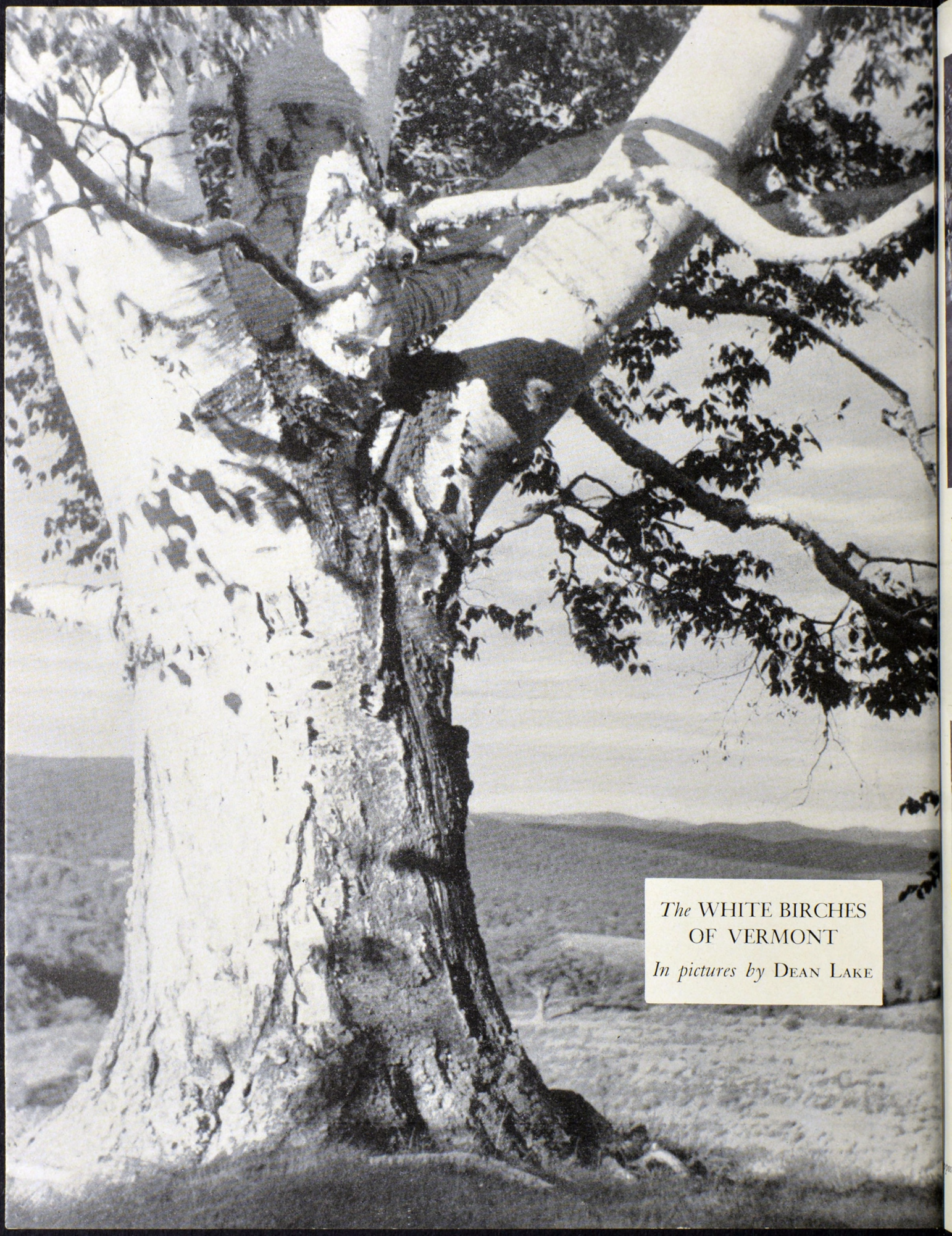
Shattering and avalanching on the snowcrust—
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the
load,
And they seem not to break: though once they are
bowed

So low for long, they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when Truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm
(Now am I free to be poetical?)

I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows—
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.

One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them,
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May not fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

From *Collected Poems of Robert Frost*. Copyright 1930, 1939 by Henry Holt & Co., Inc. Copyright 1936 by Robert Frost.



The WHITE BIRCHES
OF VERMONT

In pictures by DEAN LAKE



DEEP IN THE FOREST STILLNESS the White Birch with its gleaming white trunks lights up the forest darkness. The green of the country roadside is spotted here and there with glistening white barked trees. The birch tree is like the youngest of the three princesses in the old fairy tales—as good as it is beautiful. Longfellow caught the idea in Hiawatha's "Give me of your bark, O birch tree." It is also called the "paper birch."

Just beneath its snow-white crinkling outer bark are many layers of tough cream-colored parchment which can be split into thin tissue if one is careful and patient. In the early Vermont days there were no stationery shops, and so a lover with an urgent message, or a child who wanted to make a picture, said what had to be said on a scrap of birch-paper.

Perhaps neither poet knew that a birch will provide a roaring fire in a water

soaked wilderness when even an old pine-stump is too wet to make a fire. The birch tree has a waterproof skin, and its live body is loaded with inflammable resins. It has saved many lives.

From the merely artistic viewpoint the birch is as immaculate as a bride's gown. These photographs are efforts to portray Vermont's Birches—their texture, their shadows, and their individualism.

DEAN LAKE





There's HONEY

*in
Your
Backyard*

By LUTHER BOOTH

SOON THE SNOW will fade from the ski trails. The maple sugar maker will lay aside other tasks to make preparations for sugaring. For spring is near. And I, I too have spring work to do. Soon I must put away my skis and assume the duties of a part-time or, in my case, overgrown back-lot beekeeper. I must check equipment, inspect colonies (hives) for winter losses. Each colony will receive a cake or two of artificial pollen; "weaklings" will get heavy sugar syrup to aid them to build into efficient workers.

Of course it means work, but for me it's fun keeping bees. It's more fun than golf, fishing or watching a baseball game. Beekeeping gives me exercise—as witness (I hope nobody did!) the time my bees chased me a half-mile up the road—excitement, and a good return on my investment of time and money.

I do not intend to tell people how to keep bees; I have too much to learn about this sometimes baffling business. I leave all that to the experts, experts like my good friend Charles Mraz, Middlebury, who operates 800 colonies of bees and is said to be the largest commercial beekeeper in New England. I do want, however, to point

out the possibilities there are in Vermont for increased honey production, for betterment of crops through pollination activities of bees, and the personal pleasure and profit which may be gained by the back-lot beekeeper.

First, let's have a few statistics. There are approximately 9000 colonies of bees in Vermont with a conservative valuation of \$90,000. The estimated average yield of honey is valued at \$100,000. Aside from the cash value of the honey produced there is another valuation which cannot closely be valued in dollars and cents. I refer to the pollination service done to crops by the bees in their quest for nectar. It can safely be said that this is several times more important to the agriculturist than is the honey stored by the bees.

While Vermont is near the bottom of the honey producing states with an average yield per colony of only 40 pounds, it is my opinion that, were farmers better informed of the pollination value of the bees, through their agricultural societies and farm bureaus, Vermont could show to much better advantage. Farmers and beekeepers could better cooperate

to their mutual benefit, for good forage crops make good bee "pasturage." Bees make better crops out of good crops; it's a nice cycle.

In Vermont the Champlain and Connecticut valleys are the areas of greatest yield, although some of the more mountainous areas in the good years, produce better than 100 pounds of honey per colony. As a matter of fact, there is no place so barren in the whole state that a good colony of bees would not survive and put up a surplus. Which means that almost

The author inspects his Montpelier apiary.





Block out the houses above, which give the scale, and you might think this an air view of an army camp. Actually it's a large and very fine apiary at Vergennes, Vt.

every family in the state could have its own honey supply, a possibility but not a probability. I really don't expect that the field of beekeeping will be over crowded.

One gets plenty of free advice and much misinformation about beekeeping. But an invitation to visit the beeyard reminds the adviser that he has promised to fix the screen door. But the questioners, they run to a true pattern.

The most common question is: "Do you ever get stung?" And, "Does it hurt?" Of course I get stung, everybody who handles bees gets stung at times. Also, let's be frank, it hurts like the devil. But, as I become more expert and use more care, I get stung less and less.

"Why do you wear that veil? My grandfather never wore anything when he worked his bees and he never got stung." My usual flippant reply is, "Was your grandfather a practicing nudist?" More seriously; probably you have forgotten that on *some* days he *did* wear a veil. I wear a veil, among other reasons, to avoid the argument with the amateur humorist who professes not to believe that it was a bee that closed that right eye.

Another standard question, "What

do you do for bee stings?" I say things which editors would call unprintable.

And so it goes, questions and advice, from the hitch-hiking moron who stops to kill my time to the pseudo-scientist who has me leaping for the "bee bible" to see if I have missed something. But, after all, it's part of the fun of beekeeping.

I think my biggest thrill, next to taking my share of honey from the bees, is in lying at full length on a grassy bank in late June and watching thousands of insects, my bees, weaving a seemingly formless pattern and filling the clear warm air with the sound of many wings. I am witnessing the scene that is dear to the heart of any beekeeper, be he large or small. For this is the "honeyflow," the manifestation of the spirit of the hive at its peak of activity. The flowers have opened and are giving of their nectar; the worker bees have been busy without surcease since early morning and will continue until the approach of darkness. Some of the bees will not return from the fields. Wings frayed by ceaseless toil will no longer make them airborne. But I know that others will take their places for there are good queens

laying their 2000 eggs a day. All is well; the bees are happy and so am I.

At other times all is not so well. I well remember an unfortunate incident which happened in my early beekeeping days. I had almost finished installing a new queen in a colony of bees which I kept on a bank across the road from my home on land belonging to a neighbor, when the smoker went out. They really let me have it. With several bees inside my veil and about fifty others trailing along behind, I made a swift bee-line for home. On getting out of the veil, I made short work of those waiting to get in a final shot.

When the pain of my wounds subsided I went out to talk with some of my neighbors. While thus engaged we noticed the old gentleman who owned the land where my bees were, come out to work in his garden. As we watched he several times made the motion of brushing

Continued on page 40



Removing the honey at Charles Mraz's, Middlebury. This is said to be largest apiary in New England.

Green Mountain FORGE

HOW OFTEN YOU HEAR someone say, "If I had a million dollars, I know just how I would live" or, "If I had my life to live over again, I know what I would do with it." Few people have the courage to say, "To-morrow morning I'm going to do exactly the work I've always wanted to do." One man with that courage is G. S. Malcarne of Wallingford, Vermont.

As a little boy he stood in the blacksmith shop in Wallingford and watched the sparks from the fire fly upward as the smithy wielded his heavy hammer on the red hot iron on the anvil. These sparks kindled a dream in the young Malcarne and the possibilities of forging iron became an obsession he could not get over. Next, he transferred his interest to the Wallingford Manufacturing Company where the forging of hoes, rakes, and other garden tools, opened new vistas for his imagination.

At thirteen, young Malcarne left his dreams behind him and moved to Connecticut with his family. Even though the next few years were busy ones, the possibilities of iron always remained in the back of his mind.

At eighteen, he found work as an apprentice in a machine shop and served his time at that trade. He continued several years as a machinist, dreaming of things he wanted to do, and making the most of every opportunity to fashion articles of iron, copper, brass and pewter. This experience served him in good stead as he later became an instructor in the metal arts in an evening school.

After operating his own business for several years, Mr. Malcarne joined the Connecticut State Trade Schools as a supervising instructor of a Defense Training unit, where he taught men in machine shop practice for the large war plants. When the demands of war became increasingly greater, he joined the United States Maritime Service as an instructor and was stationed at Fort Trumbull in New London, Connecticut. This branch of the service trained deck and engine officers for the Merchant Marine.

During all this time the ambition of his childhood stayed with Mr. Malcarne. Beautiful shapes in metal were continuously passing through his mind. When he was released from the service, he decided to make his dreams pay dividends.

His first step was to return to his native state and buy land near the scene of his childhood. Here he built a most attractive shop and immediately went to work. Bread and butter was supplied by his first orders, making high precision machine work for several large war plants.

Everything was ready then—the shop, the equipment and the time to devote to his hobby. Soon he gave up subcontracting of machine work entirely, and began devoting his time exclusively to his own original designs, so long a vision. Worked out on paper, they soon took actual form in metal. At first the procuring of the proper size iron proved a problem but that condition has gradually adjusted itself.

At the present time the Green Mountain Forge, Incorporated, is making many beautiful iron articles. There are ten different candleholders, ranging in size and holding from 1 to 5 candles. Iron coffee tables are made with Vermont marble and slate tops as well as collapsible tray stands. Many gift shops carry these items. The colonial hardware is interesting to hardware stores, architects and builders. This line consists of H and HL hinges in all sizes and also strap hinges in various lengths. There are also latches in a number of designs, surface bolts, shutter fasteners, etc. Mr. Malcarne has always respected the work of the old masters of the forge and this influence is seen in this hardware. In many cases their designs are reproduced as accurately as possible. Many graceful windvanes that are gradually appearing on Vermont summer homes, were originated at the Green Mountain Forge. Now the busy artisans are spending time on fireplace equipment, making newly designed andirons and fire screens.

Inquiries and orders are received from all over the United States and Canada for his unique, interesting and sometimes unusual products. It has been unnecessary for Mr. Malcarne to do very much advertising, although a small, attractive catalogue has been published.

A present order calls for some highly ornamental and intricate stair rails, grills and brackets for a large building in Boston. A great deal of skill and patience is required in this work as they must fit perfectly when installed in the building.

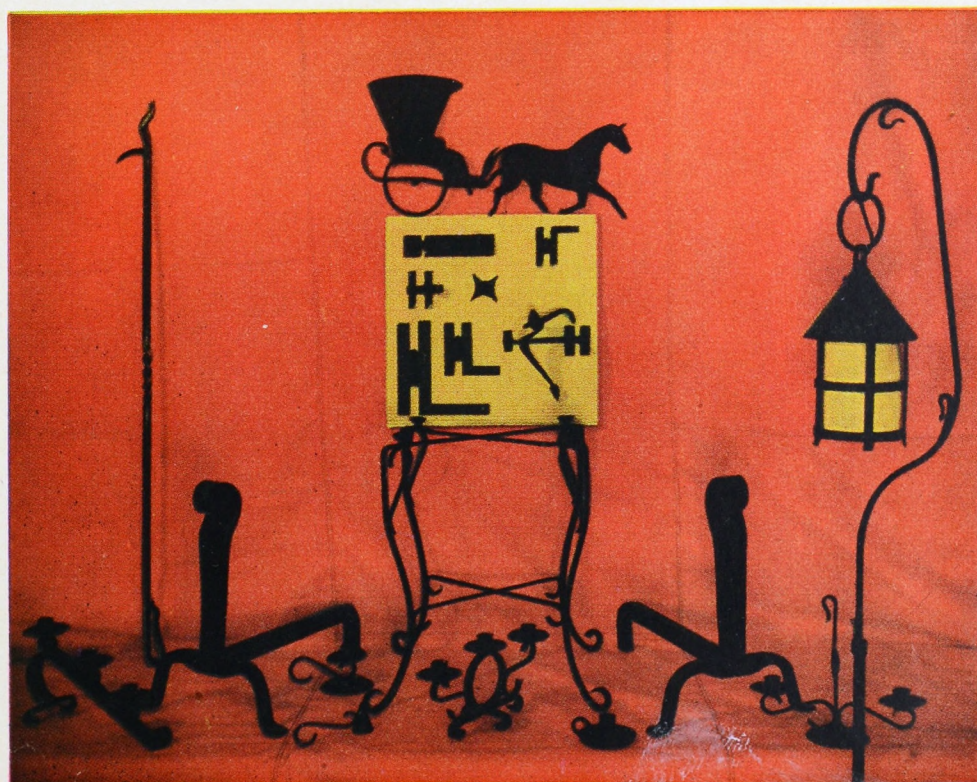
The growth of the Green Mountain Forge is representative of the development of local industry in Vermont. "Anyone who has driven about the state and visited a large number of its middle-sized and small towns," reported Senator Flanders recently, "must have had their eyes opened as to the number of vigorous little factories and shops that are to be found here. These cover a wide range of industries, including woodworking, metal working and textiles. . . . There should be more of these small new industries. Vermont is especially adapted to their successful establishment."

END



The products of the Green Mountain Forge, at Wallingford, are representative of the work of an increasing number of small establishments employing maybe five, ten, or perhaps only one or two people, making special products of unusually high quality. Vermonters have habitually fought shy of mass production for fear of its effect on craftsmanship. It is this tradition which has made the word Vermont a trademark for quality throughout the country.

Pictures through the courtesy of the Vermont State Arts and Crafts Commission.





Vic Edwards

When the first white men came to the land which is now Vermont, they found a virtual paradise of fish and wild game—which then constituted one of the principal natural resources of the area. Before a crop could be drawn from the earth, the forest had to be cleared; fish and game were therefore the chief support of the early settlers.

Depletion of the supply began almost immediately through abuse of water and forest resources. The cutting off of the woodlands dried up many streams, reduced the level of the water table and raised water temperatures. The erection of impassable dams, the destruction of the young by millwheels, increasing stream pollution, and particularly fishing too much and at the wrong seasons, were cited by the first Fish Commissioners in 1867.

The possibility of artificially restocking streams had been the original stimulus for the appointment of these commissioners, though there was still some ridicule of the idea. Nevertheless, continual experimentation went on, and fish hatcheries were set up. By 1947 there were four of them operated by the State Fish and Game Service: at Roxbury, Salisbury, Canaan and Bennington, with a rearing station at South Vernon. In joint operation with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service are stations at St. Johnsbury, Pittsford and West Milan, N. H.

In order to promote natural propagation, experiments began in the partial closing of certain streams. It was soon discovered that absolute cutting off swift mountain streams—already overpopulated with undersized fish—was useless if not detrimental. There has since been general adoption of what is known as the New Haven River Plan, under which certain areas are closed and posted in agreement with the owners. These are normally staggered along any given stream.

Attempts to conserve, as well as replenish this natural resource began with the earliest laws, many of which had to do with fish and game. But the first integrated legislation came in 1876. Enforcement of the laws was originally in the hands of the town wardens, then passed to county wardens. Today an expanding force of state wardens combines policing with conservation activities.

Native fish are no longer, as in the early days, a significant or critical part of the population's food supply. But they remain among the state's most important natural resources, if only for their role as a recreational asset. Both state authorities and those who fish the hundreds of lakes and rivers of Vermont are today acutely conscious of wise old Ben Franklin's saying: "Forever taking out and never putting anything in soon exposes the bottom of the barrel."

SPORTSMAN'S Easy Chair

By P. G. (PERC) ANGWIN

OLD IZAAK WALTON undoubtedly knew all that there was to know about the art of angling in his native countryside—his “Compleat Angler” gives evidence of that fact. But “Ike” missed something great in the realm of his favorite sport because the old fellow never had the chance to toss his cast on a Vermont stream in springtime. Had the opportunity been presented to him there certainly must have been new and more rapturous chapters added to his historic treatise.

A long winter of dabbling at fly tying and rod tinkering—of mental aggravation which involves reading anything you can find on fishing—merely serves to sharpen the appetite for the season ahead.

At this season of the year winter-bound brooks start casting off their icy fetters. Stream voices stilled to a whisper by the cold of winter take on a ribald note. Ponds and lakes grumble and rumble and shake themselves free of glazed bondage. A new spring is at hand.

Salmon Of The Clyde

Once all New England awaited the headlines “The ice is out of Sebago.” Now more and more anglers prefer to hear the magic words “The salmon are running in the Clyde.” That simple sentence means game fish of the first magnitude ready to give action in sporty water.

The season on landlocks opens first at the mouth of the river where the Clyde spills out into Memphremagog under the famed railroad bridge at Newport. The first few days, before fishing is legal up the river, provide bait anglers a chance to get in their licks. Usually the fish do not start following the sucker run up the river until after the first

of May. It is when the silver surface dancers hit the river that the fun really gets into first gear.

Fly fishing—streamers preferred—bait casting with wobblers and spoons and “spinning” with a variety of lures. Getting a comfortable seat on the bank from which to play anchor to a gob of night crawlers. Whatever your favorite fishing method may be you can exercise it along the turbulent spring Clyde. The reward will be greater than gold—a magnificent slashing and leaping salmon—if your luck is good.

Trout Thoughts

The landlocked salmon may be the king of fresh water fish but the rest of the royal family—rainbows, browns and brookies—are better known. Early spring normally means using weighted and baited hooks fished deep in the streams, or laced minnows, streamer flies and spoons on the lakes where a salmon or lake trout may be the prize instead of the expected rainbow or native.

Bait fishing can be an art—usually is with the successful spring angler. Just how much lead is needed to get that worm down and yet keep it moving naturally, is something that spells the difference in the weight of a spring trout creel.

Now and then nature smiles more kindly and softens the song of the waters before the season opens. Then bright and gaudy spring fly patterns come into their own and every segment of the brotherhood of the angle joins in united action. Anglers wives find friend husband in a kindly and generous mood—and why shouldn't he be?—for all is right with the world. Those flies he spent so much time making last winter are now paying dividends—both in health giving recreation and in food for the table.

Everyone knows the best time for trout fishing in Vermont. When the alder leaves are the size of a mouse's ear—well that is when things get hot.

Of Other Fish

As we muse over fishing prospects—and they always seem bright in the spring—thoughts naturally turn to salmon or trout and to the upper Winooski, the Wells, Waits, White, Otter, Castleton, Battenkill and dozens of other rivers and streams long famed as trout producers. Vermont offers more fishing than for trout, and impossible as it may seem to those who seek the nobler game fishes, there are anglers who covet more lowly but equally succulent breeds.

You can stir up an argument any time on the palate tickling qualities of perch vs. trout. No question but what a meal of spring-caught, firm and fat yellow perch is something to get excited about. Perch fishermen keep as close an eye on the ice at Fairlee, Morey and other lakes as trout fishermen do on Seymour, Averill, Peacham and other bodies of water.

No fancy tackle is needed when the perch start hitting just before the spring spawning runs. Any good stout rod and line teamed up with a wriggling worm will turn the trick when they are “taking.” Your family appetite and your sportsmanship are the only limits on that species. Pickerel add to the variety of fun for the pond fishermen.

Then comes the walleye run into the mouth of the Winooski, Lamoille and Missisquoi rivers. The line of boats forms below the dam in Swanton village as the warmly clothed anglers “dredge” for their favorite “pike.” Again you have a table argument as to whether the spring walleye isn't better than either the perch or trout.

Hunting Fish

There has always been some question as to whether a hunting license isn't more necessary than a fishing license when spring hits Lake Champlain. The rushing bounty from

streams and rivers starts the lake setting back into hundreds of marshy areas. The great northern pike and the pickerel wend their ways back into the shallows to spawn. Then dawns the most peculiar of all Vermont "fishing" seasons—the pickerel shooting days.

The "sport" angle of shooting fish is often questioned, but there is a bit of a thrill in wading along flooded meadows and seeing a monster pike or pickerel only a few inches below the surface. A high-powered bullet or shotgun "punkin ball" landed close will stun the finny target and turn it up on the surface. A speedy retrieve means a fish in the bag.

How do they "eat?" Well, pickerel chowder or well-fried fillets are nothing to be scorned at any feast.

The Real Reward

Here we go getting all worked up into a lather over the days at hand and just around the bend. Getting eager for the whirl of the reel, for feeling the surge of a mighty fish, for stream-side campfires? Of course we are. But more than anything else we need the lift and tonic of spring fishing in Vermont.

Somehow the real reward comes with that early vestige of tan—from the mind clearing whisper of tiny rivulets—from the spiritual lift of singing birds, warming sun, budding trees, greening grasses and from God's great blue sky overhead.

There is much more to fishing than just fishing. Each succeeding Vermont spring reminds us of that old saying "A man can't have a mean thought while fishing." We may prattle of lures and flies, of rods and reels and leaders and creels—but spring and fishing season among Vermont's never monotonous hills means much more. Nature's rebirth in the Green Mountains brings along, for all who will accept, a new outlook on life.

END



MARCH MUD

TWENTY YEARS AGO people put their cars up, come late fall, and those that were smart left them there till May, maybe June. The scene above, on main Route No. 7, tells you why. Even the durable Model T couldn't get through a mass of muck such as that. But today Route No. 7 is paved its entire length, as are most all the other through routes. You can cross the state or travel its length as easily in March as in September.

That is not to say that the mud is gone from Vermont. Ask any rural dweller about that, around town meeting time, but

get a distance away when he answers. A poor dirt road gets as treacherous in 1947 as it did in 1927, though there are fewer of them. And for twenty years the towns as well as the state highway people have been pouring tons of gravel into most of them.

There are those that will tell you that a first class gravel road is a joy to travel, when well maintained, and it's really so. However, don't try those intriguing but seldom traveled back roads you've wanted to explore, until the warmth of June sun has touched them.



A. W. Coleman

MARCH MEETING

Continued from Page 11

stayed away from town meeting. Sometimes only a handful shows up, and this group is later criticised by the stay-at-homes for acting or refusing to act in the way the lazy ones thought best.

Some ascribe this decline to the Australian ballot system in use in some towns which makes for impersonal voting with no chance for a free discussion. But in other towns this system has made no appreciable difference. Some say that the citizens no longer have to depend on Town Meeting for social contacts now that the automobile has come. Others say this and some say that. But whatever the causes, it is harder to-day to get men and women to serve in public office and citizens are less likely to participate in voting.

However, Town Meetings in Vermont are not dead and will not be for many years to come. It may be that what is needed is a re-study of the Vermont Constitution where it says: "That frequent recurrence to fundamental principles, and a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, industry, and frugality, are absolutely necessary to preserve the blessings of liberty, and keep government free; the people ought, therefore, to pay particular attention to these points, in the choice of officers and representatives, and have a right, in a legal way, to exact a due and constant regard to them, from the legislators and magistrates, in making and executing such laws as are necessary for the good government of the state."

The world to-day needs more self-reliance and a belief in the duties of free citizens. No where else have these principles been so well exemplified as in town government. No where else can they once again be revived so easily. And revived they must be in this world which has permitted its science to out-run its moral concepts. END



Government and religion held hands through the early days of New England history. Side by side at Guildhall, the church and court house symbolize the dual meeting places of the villagers.



GRAND ISLE GIRL WINS NATIONAL 4-H MOVIE CONTEST

FRANCES RUTH BLOW, 14, of Grand Isle has been named one of the 10 national winners in the girls' division of a 4-H movie talent contest conducted among members throughout the United States. In recognition of the honor she will receive a \$25 war bond.

In the contest which brought in 1,346 entries, she was selected on the basis of appearance, poise, record, dramatics, speaking experience, suitability to the character role in the movie "Where the Road Turns Right," designed to stimulate interest in 4-H club work among rural youth, to help reach the goal of three million members by 1950.

Produced in co-operation with the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the State Extension Services and National 4-H Club News, the movie will be sponsored by the Sears-Roebuck Foundation and will have a national distribution.

Two contests were sponsored. The one in which Miss Blow was a winner was held among 4-H members to find a boy and a girl to play the leading roles. Another contest was held among local leaders to obtain a suitable story from which the script for the movie could be written. There were 809 of these submitted.

Miss Blow lives with her parents on their nine-acre Grand Isle farm. She is five feet five inches tall and weighs 127 pounds. She has held various offices in her four years as a Middle Island 4-H Girls' Club member, and won many awards for garden, canning and sewing exhibits.

She was salutatorian of the eighth grade graduating class last year before entering Milton High School. She took part in several plays each year in grade school, in many of which she had a leading role. She also participated in a 4-H play presented for the PTA and danced in an amateur minstrel show.

Burlington Free Press, July 18, 1946

THERE'S HONEY . . .

Continued from Page 33

something from in front of his face. Finally he took his straw hat and made a violent pass at the objects which were bothering him. That was the pass that lost the ball game. For the "objects" were some of the bees that had followed me down, and they just pealed off in perfect formation and dive-bombed the old gentleman's bald head from all angles of the clock.

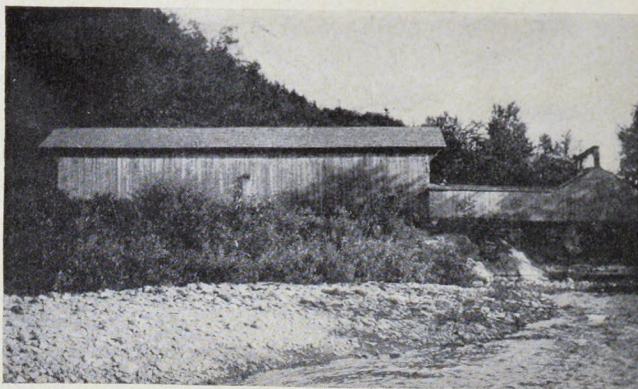
Now, my neighbor was well along in years, hadn't moved faster than a shuffle for as long as I could remember. But on this occasion he took off from the edge of his garden in a standing broad jump of at least eight feet and landed in the middle of his shed. The door happened to be open, but I am sure that had it been closed he would have gone right on through. I had heard of bee venom being used to treat rheumatism, but I never saw it bring such quick results. We all laughed so much that I forgot my own stings—as it really is funny—when the other fellow is getting it.

I realized that what I had done was bad beekeeping and went over to apologize. He was a good sport and he really felt much better when he found that I had had to dive for a fox hole the same as he.

Aside from the pleasure I have found in beekeeping on a small scale, I seriously believe that there are as yet undeveloped possibilities in the field of apiculture in Vermont. Like Vermont maple products and turkeys, Vermont honey is of excellent quality. It can be produced in the farmer's field or the city dweller's back-lot. Agriculture in general—including the berry patches, vegetable and flower gardens—would show an increase in productivity from an increased interest in beekeeping.

This might go on and on, but won't. By now you probably think you know what the old saying "bees in the bonnet" means. I do; I've had 'em!

END



This structure, spanning the Mad River between Warren and Waitsfield, is probably the only combination of open and covered bridge in the state.

COVERED BRIDGES . . . *Continued from Page 17*

System. Most of the remaining covered highway bridges are located on the less traveled roads, and in that harmonious setting should survive many more years if properly cared for. Even these must disappear eventually, unless the various towns whose responsibility they are take active steps to preserve them."

That such preservation is practical as well as possible is proved by the fine job done at Rutland on "Old '76." This bridge, adjacent to the Rutland Country Club, and crossing East Creek, has been completely repaired without changing its original lines. It even includes replacement of the old shingled roof. In its quiet, picturesque location it is good for many more years. The

Chisleville bridge over Roaring Branch in Sunderland has also been put in excellent shape by careful and thorough work.

Eight highway bridges in different parts of the State are scheduled for removal and replacement in 1947, providing conditions permit. Most of these are on highways subject to modern fast, heavy traffic.

Every effort should be made to maintain as many as possible of our covered bridges and keep them in good, safe repair. They are as much a part of our valued State history and heritage as the lovely old houses and churches which have lately come to mean so much to Vermonters and their out-of-State visitors.

END

UN FINDS PEACE . . . *Continued from Page 3*

Tories Add Flavor

During the Revolutionary period a number of Tories, notable for their wide interest in Old World affairs, added a flavor to the life of the community.

Primarily concerned with dairying and general farming, Pownal Center also is proud of its educational traditions. The Oak Grove Seminary, a white-cupolaed building standing back from the highway, was established in 1833. Two Presidents of the United States, James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur, taught there in their youth.

Pownal Center's peaceful seclusion in the Vermont hills has not cut it off from full participation in the wars of the world outside. It sent 10 men out of its total population of about 150 men, women, and children, into the forces in World War II. All 10 have returned.

The Town Clerk of Pownal Center, Mrs. Florence Towslee, was surprised and pleased to learn that the village had

been chosen to symbolize peaceful living. She would have been even more pleased, she said, if its name had appeared on the back cover of the Bulletin, too. However, it is pointed out that the absence of this identification has set the world to enquiring what community was pictured and what are its peculiarly peaceful and constructive charms.

The white church, which adds a great deal to the impression of calm and prosperity of the Pownal Center scene, was erected in 1789, but since has been renovated considerably. It is known as the Union Church, and as such represents today's trend toward overstepping differences in belief and tradition in the effort to build a world community on the basis of co-operation.

Pownal Center lies a little more than two miles up the road from the first settlement in this area, now known as Pownal, which spreads out in the floor of the Hoosic Valley and is served by the Boston & Maine Railroad.



SAMPLE VERMONT THIS SUMMER

Many discriminating folks have found the route to future happiness springing from a vacation experience in this unspoiled land of lakes and mountains and verdant valleys, where the year-'round accent is on graceful living. For a surpassing vacation, write for free illustrated booklet, "Unspoiled Vermont." Or, for a blueprint of what Vermont can offer to those who aspire to a "little place of their own," ask for Farm and Summer Home book.

VERMONT PUBLICITY SERVICE • State House, Montpelier, Vermont



VERMONT *is*



a Way of LIFE